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BURKE.

(Continued from page 643.)

WE shall now make some quotations from his early writings and speeches, which, though no exact counterpart to them can be found in his subsequent productions, will yet serve to show in a clear and definite manner, what were his early conceptions of a true, rational liberty, and will be observed to exhibit a developement of those admirable principles that were fully displayed and called into vigorous action by the French revolution.

"To be a good member of parliament is, let me tell you, no easy task ; especially at this time, when there is so strong a disposition to run into the perilous extremes of servile compliance, or wild popularity.—We are members of a free country ; and surely we know that the machine of a free constitution is no simple thing, but as intricate and delicate as it is valuable. We are members in a great and ancient monarchy ; and we must preserve religiously, the true, legal rights of the sovereign, which form the key stone that binds together the noble and well constructed arch of our empire and constitution."—*Speech at Bristol.* 1774. vol. 2. p. 12.

"From all these causes, a fierce spirit of liberty has grown up. It has grown with the growth of the people in your colonies, and increased with the increase of their wealth ; a spirit that unhappily meeting with an exercise of power in England, which, however lawful, is not reconcilable with any ideas of liberty, much less with theirs, has kindled this flame, that is ready to consume us. I do not mean to commend either the spirit in this excess, or the moral causes which produce it."

He goes on to speak of the new government, which some of the American provinces, on the spur of necessity, had formed for themselves, without either a revolution or an election, to the astonishment of Britons, who thought the utmost they could do was to disturb authority, and never dreamed of their supplying it.

"The evil arising from thence is this; that the ~~abolitionists~~, having once found the possibility of enjoying the advantages of order, in the midst of a struggle for liberty, such struggles will, not henceforward seem so terrible to the settled and sober part of mankind, as they had appeared before the trial.—Anarchy is

found tolerable.—I am much against any further experiments which tend to put to the proof any more of these allowed opinions, which contribute so much to the public tranquillity.”—*Speech on Conciliation with America.* 1775. vol. 2. p. 33 to 35.

The latter part of this extract affords an instance of that prophetic foresight, of which we shall have occasion to notice so many remarkable proofs.

“Civil freedom, gentlemen, is not, as many have endeavoured to persuade you, a thing that lies hid in the depths of abstruse science. It is a blessing and a benefit, not an abstract speculation—The extreme of liberty, which is its abstract perfection, but its real fault, obtains no where, nor ought to obtain any where. Because extremes, as we all know, in every point which relates to our own duties, or satisfaction in life, are destructive both to virtue and enjoyment. Liberty too, must be limited, in order to be possessed.”—*Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol.* 1777. vol. 2. p. 111.

“The distinguishing part of our constitution is its liberty. To preserve that liberty inviolate, seems the particular duty and proper trust of a member of the house of commons. But the liberty, the only liberty I mean, is a liberty connected with order; that not only exists along with order and virtue, but which cannot exist at all without them. It inheres in good and steady government, as in its substance and vital principles.”—*Speech at Bristol.* 1774. vol. 2. p. 4.

“I must fairly tell you, that so far as my principles are concerned, principles that I hope will only depart with my last breath, that I have no idea of a liberty unconnected with honesty and justice.”—*Speech at Bristol previous to the election.* 1780. vol. 2. p. 253.

“I come now to the third objection, that the bill (the East India bill,) will increase the influence of the crown. An honorable gentleman has demanded of me whether I was in earnest when I proposed to this house a plan for the re-election of that interest. Indeed sir, I was very much in earnest. My heart was deeply concerned in it, and I hope the public has not lost the effect of it. But as this bill, whether it increases the influence of the crown or not, is a question I should be ashamed to ask, if I am not able to correct a system of oppression and tyranny, that goes to the utter ruin of thirty millions of my fellow creatures and fellow subjects, but by some increase to the influence of the crown, I am ready here to declare that I, who have been so active to reduce it, shall be at least as active and strenuous to restore it again. I am no lover of names, I contend for the substance of good and protecting government, let it come from what quarter it will.”—*Speech on the East India Bill.* 1783. vol. 2. p. 333.

The following is an extract from a letter written in 1789, before he had formed his final, decided opinion on the French revolution.

“You hope, sir, that I think the French deserving of liberty. I certainly do. I certainly think that all men who desire it, deserve it.—It is the birthright of one species. We cannot forfeit our right to it but by what forfeits our title to the privileges of our kind, I mean the abuse or oblivion of our natural faculties; and a ferocious indocility which makes us prompt to wrong and violence, destroys our social nature, and transforms us into something little better than a description of wild beasts.”

He goes on to say, that to men so degraded constraint is absolutely necessary, and to tell,

“What the freedom is I love. It is not solitary, unconnected, individual, selfish liberty. It is social freedom. *It is that state of things in which the liberty of no man, and no body of men is in a condition to trespass on the liberty of any person, or any description of persons in society.* Whenever a separation is made between liberty and justice, neither is, in my opinion, safe.”—See also vol. 5. p. 127-179-331-351-354-365 874, vol. 7. p. 108-115, vol. 2. 96 103-254.

We have now collated all passages of sufficient importance in our

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present investigation to demand such a comparison. Whenever we have found the same political subject discussed or incidentally mentioned, in paragraphs both previous and subsequent to the French revolution, (unless it was one of transitory interest,) we have extracted and placed those paragraphs, in contrast, to the view of our readers. There are many other subjects not so directly and immediately connected with our opinion of Burke's consistency, on which it would be curious and interesting to observe the striking coincidences of his thoughts in different situations and at distant periods of time—at the earliest and latest moments of his public life. It would be delightful to pursue such an inquiry in a literary and philosophical point of view; to mark how we may recognize in every portion of his works, even in those whose apparent aspect to a superficial observer is most contradictory, the same universal, unchangeable, eternal principles, which regulate the world of morals as the laws of nature do the system of the universe; presenting sometimes appearances of contrariety within our limited and darkened prospect, which might yet be traced by a more unbounded vision—like the seemingly incongruous results of the motion of the spheres, the attraction of gravitation, the phenomena of magnetism, and the attraction of cohesion—to the overruling efficacy of one great law, embracing all things in its vast and comprehensive plan—"the very greatest as not exempted from its power, and the least as acknowledging its influence." Our present limits will not permit us to pursue this close examination to any greater extent. We have quoted his opinions on the abuses of government, and the misconduct of the people—on the aristocracy and nobility—on the propriety of the interposition of the people for the preservation of the constitution—on the king—the lords—and the commons, and on a rational liberty. These are subjects which he could not touch, after so grievous a dereliction from his principles as his enemies have charged upon him, without promulgating that dereliction through all his speculations, in a manner so disgracefully glaring and barefaced as to make it mad presumption for any man to undertake to deny it. They are subjects also, on which we might reasonably have expected to meet with many apparent and some slight discrepancies, carrying with us our ideas of human imperfection, and not of Burke's character, and considering the vast variety of circumstances under which he wrote, the vividness, the exclusive earnestness, the totality with which a powerful mind throws itself out upon a topic that occupies the heart, the ardor of his love for freedom, his hatred to oppression, his strong energy of abhorrence to the French principles of anarchy and atheism; but no;—not even the slightest real discrepancies can be discovered. His principles on all the great subjects, about which he exercised his thoughts, were so clearly developed and defined in his own bosom, so intimately known, so firmly founded, that, amid all his variety of situation and diversity of feeling, they never vary, they occupy the same ground, they are exhibited essentially the same.

We have quoted sufficient to prove, to the conviction of every

honest mind, the absolute falsehood, the malicious sophistry of those assertions and arguments, which represent his writings on those subjects, at different periods of his life, to have been inconsistent and contradictory. The passages which we have selected afford such unavoidable, such damning evidence of the wanton and groundless calumnies cast upon his works and character, that we are apt to wonder by what violence of prejudice and outrageous malignancy of misinterpretation they could have been tortured into a single form of contradiction. We are astonished at the illiberal sophistry, which could labor to throw an air of probability over so distorted a conclusion. The very same paragraphs, that have been adduced from his early writings, and torn from their context to support a slanderous aspersion, we have taken and put face to face with passages from his later productions, exactly correspondent in meaning, and often clothed in almost the same terms. The coincidences throughout his works are so numerous and striking, that we cannot see how any individual, who reflects upon them, can get rid of the simple consequence, that the most perfect harmony in political doctrine, sentiment and principle, prevails in all his speeches and writings, from the first sentence of his eloquence, to the last declaration from his dying bed. Here, supposition and assertion are of no avail. The written opinions of the man are before us, and if the charges brought against him have any foundation whatever in truth or reason, the only possible method of substantiation must be the collocation of such passages as can be found on those subjects, in regard to which he has been said to be most contradictory. We have seen the result of such collocation. And is this all, we are tempted to exclaim, is it possible, can it be credible, that this is all the foundation for that aggravated calumny and wanton abuse, that has been poured out upon his character and writings! Such vile falsehoods would be in the highest degree dishonorable and pernicious, though uttered *in support* of a public individual; when pointed *against him*, they are inexpressibly atrocious.

As the examination of his writings proves the consistency of his principles, so the general tenor of Burke's life is a sufficient refutation of the calumnies cast upon his motives. They need no such refutation, if the consistency of his declared sentiments be once established. No man's principles ever more exactly tallied with his conduct. The separation between theory and practice was with him an unnatural divorce. They were as indivisibly connected as the shadow and its substance. When we have firmly settled the integrity and purity of the former, the same conclusion belongs inevitably to the latter; and if we cannot but acknowledge the whole tenor of his life to have been honorable and consistent, what shall we say of those who pretend to believe, and dare to affirm, that he was influenced in pursuing it by corrupt and interested motives. Let his enemies remember, and exercise, if they are able, that magnanimity of mind so peculiar to the individual they slander. "We are not too nicely to scrutinize motives, as long as action is irreproachable. It is

enough, and for a worthy man perhaps too much, to deal out its infamy to convicted guilt and declared apostacy." For the motives and the actions of Burke we fear no scrutiny which the utmost ingenuity of malice and envy can invent. A virtuous life invites the searching inquisition. It is its pride, its happiness, to have the clearness of noon-day shine upon it.

We must have proof, very strong and irresistible indeed, to make us believe that such a man would sully a whole existence of glory, by one enormous act of apostacy. "Instances are exceedingly rare," says one of his paragraphs, (and his whole exhibition of the sentiment ought to be read with attention,) "of men immediately passing over a clear marked line of virtue into declared vice and corruption." There must indeed be a gradual alteration forced upon the moral habitudes—an initiation into the first and lower degrees of public dishonesty. There must be many intermediate steps and accompanying acts of transgression. But here we have an alleged dereliction so total, a disruption of moral and political ties so violent, hasty and unexpected, that a convulsion of nature would hardly come upon us with more sudden surprise in the material world. The causes stated to have effected this mighty revolution are also singularly contradictory and inadequate to the production of such a change. This great man, who disdained the appeals of selfish enjoyment, and looked steadfastly beyond his own private aggrandisement to the greatness and happiness of his country, who forsook the thousand plans of individual glory, with which all parliament were busy, to spend, amidst a storm of universal prejudice and black corruption, ten long years of his public existence in the unshrinking, indefatigable prosecution of one disinterested, unrewarded, unapplauded purpose—the redress of the wrongs of the people of India by the impeachment of Warren Hastings. This wonderful man, who could endure such a mighty labor of humanity, through difficulties and sorrows of which no common mind can form any conception with a perseverance that it seemed impossible to tire, and a vividness of virtuous hope which no blight of disappointment could cover with dejection, is said to have become harassed, vexed, irritated, wearied out, in the very land of his nativity, and while there striving for the liberty of a distant people, with the struggle for that freedom to whose support he had dedicated his whole life, and the love of which formed the ruling passion of his soul. Although, at a time when wealth was most necessary and most alluring, he had, in repeated and memorable instances, rejected the offers of bribery, and "shoved aside the gilded hand of corruption," and even refused, from a principle of integrity, perhaps too lofty, the honorable emolument of office, which public men in every generation had been accustomed to grasp; still he is asserted, at that late period when such distinctions begin to lose their power over the imagination, to have longed insatiably for the golden recompence of reward; and when, beyond all doubt, the readiest and surest method of obtaining that recompence would have been to remain a little longer under the banners of

his party, he is said to have basely deserted their cause, and cut himself adrift from their moorings, in the hope, faint, distant, and uncertain, of floating safely into the harbor of royal munificence.

These are the main accusations. It is one of the most ludicrous things in all political history to observe the paltry and ridiculous nature of the other ten thousand considerations which are affirmed to have actuated an individual so loftily removed, by situation, by moral and mental habitudes, by the presence of majestic duties, from the remotest view of such absurdly incredible and laughable excitements. At the time of the impeachment, the whole of that vast, toilsome business was actually declared to have been undertaken solely out of revenge for a slight affront offered by the governor-general to his kinsman, William Bourke! One man asserts that he was enraged with Fox for being, when in power, the leader of his party—another, that his active exertions during the French revolution arose wholly from mental derangement and insanity! A writer in the Edinburgh Review most gravely affirms, that Burke's separation from Sheridan arose entirely from the circumstance of the latter having made some slight alterations in Burke's letter for the Prince Regent! These ludicrous and petty calumnies are as innumerable and trifling, as the diminutive but venomous darts showered forth by the pigmy Lilliputians on the motionless body of Gulliver, although, unequal to these latter in respect to their power, they fall back without ever hitting or adhering to the object of their aim.

Did our limits permit us, we would here go into a particular examination of the numerous instances of his public disinterestedness, which stand upon record, in order, if such a thing were possible, to make the falsehood of his calumniators appear in an attitude of deformity yet more prominent and glaring. Especially his refusal, contrary to the advice of his friends, to accept the office of a lord of trade; and, at another time, that of a seat at the board of the treasury, from Lord Chatham's "dove-tailed" administration, which came into power on the dismissal of Lord Rockingham and his party in 1766; his refusal to become the superintendent of "a commission for revising the whole interior administration of India," a situation which opened on his vision the prospect of unbounded and honorable wealth, if he had not chosen to remain in that wider sphere of usefulness, and benevolence, and trial, where he believed his duty marked out his path before him; his refusal, when paymaster of the forces, to appropriate to his own purse the annual interest of one million pounds sterling, which would have rendered him a rich man through life, and which had been the allowed custom with all his predecessors; and his refusal to avail himself, as treasurer of Chelsea Hospital, of thirteen hundred pounds per annum, which he returned into the public treasury, though it had ever been the common and regular perquisite of the office. The result of such an examination is most triumphant in regard to Burke's immaculate and obstinate integrity. It is a moral impossibility, that the man who had all his life long resisted so proudly the offers of wealth,

when he might honestly have accepted them, should, at the close of that life, plunge his soul in guilt, and load his memory with opprobrium, for a miserable pittance of that paltry pelf, he had so long disdained.

It is needless to speak of Burke's pension. His letter to a noble lord has stamped the brand of infamy upon the peer who dared publicly to attack his name on its account, and is a living, fiery refutation of all the abuse that has followed in its train. If that pension had been a hundred thousand pounds sterling per annum, on himself and his posterity, to the latest generation, it would hardly have equalled the actual saving, which resulted to the treasury of the kingdom, from the various occasional reforms, which that most devoted patriot undertook and perfected. Her gold and silver could not all redeem the debt of gratitude which England owes to his memory. On her nautical and naval heroes she lavishes her honors and riches. The victory is that of war, and the recompense carried its fame through the world. "Peace hath her victories," and heroes also, but these last are of a more silent, benevolent and intellectual character, and may go to the grave with a less magnificent requital. The conqueror at Waterloo had a palace, a peerage, and a princely revenue for his reward; and every mouth in the kingdom uttered an amen to the ostentatious grant. The moral conqueror at Beaconsfield enjoyed for two short years a pension of three thousand pounds! and half the nation opened their lips in curses and calumnies upon his name. And to this day, many, who shouted with exultation at the downfall of Bonaparte, would be ready to shout with equal joy over the ruin of the reputation of Burke. Yet as long as intellect is esteemed better than brute force, the memory of Burke's mighty conquest will be held as far higher than that of the military chieftain at Waterloo, as the human soul is believed superior to the clod which it inhabits.

It would be impossible for the most indifferent beholder, in looking over the mass of accusations that has been piled against the character of this great man, even supposing him a criminal arraigned before the tribunal of public opinion, not to be impressed by a very vivid sense of the great degree of injustice with which he has been treated. The obvious and fundamental rule, of judging an author's writings by the context, and a man's actions by the circumstances in which he is placed, in this instance has been totally disregarded. There is no character, there can be none, which is proof against such an unfair and partial method of investigation. The conduct and the character of statesmen, most of all, demand a constant reference to that grand maxim, especially in periods of change and excitement; for they lie most completely open to the injurious constructions of ignorance and slander. The more active and energetic is the life of a public individual, the fairer opportunity does he present for such illiberal and venomous attacks. In this respect, no man can afford a fairer mark than Burke. Numberless are the periods, events and actions in his existence, which, when entirely disjoined from the context, and viewed without reference to circumstances, would form a con-

trast most inexplicably awkward and inconsistent. Compare them surrounded with the circumstances that connected and produced them, the gorgeous drapery that encircled and adorned them, and the contrast vanishes. Like a man who has been carried far enough from the earth to behold at once its various continents and islands, the observer will see, when he takes in all those considerations at a glance, that all the portions of his life and writings, though peopled with their own rare beauties and splendid curiosities, form but corresponding parts of one great and magnificent view.

It was his lot, in the course of his political existence, to meet with, and contend against, the two extremes of danger in a political state—the licentiousness of freedom, and the tyranny of power. Since the settlement of the constitution in 1688, there had been no period, in which regal prerogative and influence had been stretched to such an outrageous extent, and the supreme authority assumed a form so despotic, as in the time which elapsed from Burke's first entrance into parliament to within a short interval before the French revolution. The era of American independence was an era of change in the spirit of the British government. From the period of that treaty, the power and influence of the crown began to settle within its proper limits, the liberty and the will of the people began to be again respected, and the lovers of rational freedom beheld, with rejoicing hearts, the epoch of its danger passing rapidly away, and a spirit of confidence and content beginning to diffuse itself between the monarch and the subjects of Great Britain. Then came the tornado, moral and political, of the French revolution; upsetting all the established personages, principles and institutions of government and religion in the country where its fury first broke loose, and threatening to overthrow and destroy, in like fearful manner, all the goodly and venerable fabrics, the endearing and delightful charities, the long loved and valued possessions, earthly and religious, of all neighboring nations. The danger to the people of England was perhaps the more imminent for the ancient rivalry and hatred that still existed between them and the French. From being long accustomed, with their usual self-complacency, to deride the latter as the slaves of despotic power, they now beheld them in the enjoyment of a freedom such as they had never before imagined; and the symptoms of a fatal imitation began to be most fearfully developed. In both these opposite emergencies, it was the duty of a true patriot to resist, with equal energy, the opposite and dangerous tendencies of the times. In pursuing such a course, the weapons to be used in the two conflicts were entirely dissimilar. In opposing the French monster, "born of night and chaos," he was obliged to hang upon the wall the offensive implements he had swayed with such mighty power in his struggle for the people against the crown, and betake himself to a new coat of armor and new inventions of defence. Now you saw the commander of a Roman phalanx, opposing his panoplied body, like a rock of adamant, to the rush of the battle—now the leader of the light-armed squadrons of Persia, galling and harrassing the close, heavy ranks of his enemies.

The seeming incongruity that would attend such a course of conduct is illustrated with such inimitable clearness and beauty in Burke's own language, that we shall be pardoned for presenting the whole paragraph to our readers.

"As any one of the great members of this constitution happens to be endangered, he that is a friend to all of them chooses and presses the topics necessary for the support of the part attacked, with all the strength, the earnestness, the vehemence, with all the power of argument and of coloring, which he happens to possess, and which the case demands. He is not to embarrass the minds of his hearers, or to overlay or encumber his speech, by bringing into view at once (as if he were reading an academic lecture) all that may and ought, when a just occasion presents itself, to be said in favor of the other members. At that time they are out of the court; there is no question concerning them. Whilst he opposes his defence to the part where the attack is made, he presumes that for his regard to the just rights of all the rest, he has credit in every candid mind. He ought not to apprehend, that his raising fences about popular privileges this day, will infer that he ought on the next, to concur with those who would pull down the throne: because, on the next, he defends the throne, it ought not to be supposed that he has abandoned the rights of the people.

"A man who, among various objects of his equal regard, is secure of some, and full of anxiety for the fate of others, is apt to go to much greater lengths in his preference of the objects of his immediate solicitude than Mr. Burke has ever done. A man so circumstanced, often seems to undervalue, to vilify, almost to reprobate and disown, those that are out of danger. This is the voice of nature and truth, and not of inconsistency and false pretence. The danger of anything very dear to us, removes for the moment every other affection from the mind. When Priam had his whole thoughts employed on the body of his Hector, he repels with indignation, and drives from him with a thousand reproaches, his surviving sons, who, with an officious piety, crowded about him to offer their assistance. A good critic (there is none better than Mr. Fox,) would say, that this is a master stroke, and marks a deep understanding of nature in the father of poetry. He would despise a Zoilus, who would conclude from this passage that Homer meant to represent this man of affliction as hating, or being indifferent and cold in his affections to the poor relics of his house, or that he preferred a dead carcass to his living children."

When the French revolution approached, the danger to his country was undoubtedly greater than it had been during the prevalence of that spirit of despotism which Burke had formerly resisted. If a people be not uncommonly sober, virtuous, and enlightened, their power is more to be dreaded at a time of popular license, than that of their rulers in a period of despotic restraint. The consequences from its guilty exercise in the former case are sudden, tumultuous, terrible, irremediable: in the latter, they may by degrees be worked off, and possibly the whole system purified and reformed. In proportion as the danger became more imminent, he had to defend, with the more energetic vigor, the regal sovereignty from ferocious demagogues who sought its destruction. On one former occasion he had maintained the assaulted dignity of government, when others of his own party refused their co-operation; and he was not to be deterred, by the fear of their reproaches, nor the dread of appearing inconsistent, from a longer and more arduous conflict. He whose whole life had been one ceaseless struggle against the encroaching tyranny of power, now stood forth the preserver of that power from the wild anarchy that threatened to annihilate it. He who, in 1780, supported

the motion that the influence of the crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished, was now the conspicuous champion of its rights, the advocate for its measures of salutary restraint and seasonable precaution. He whose solitary hand composed and entered on the journal of the House of Commons a bold, dignified and powerful representation to the king himself of his royal offences, and his ministers' defects, now attacked, with tenfold energy, the criminal proceedings of a factious multitude. He who had opposed the increase of the civil list in an unrighteous contest, was now to maintain it in a just and necessary war. He who kept awake the vigilance of the multitude, when the whole empire seemed oppressed with a servile lethargy, a fearful insensibility to all the impulses of freedom, now held up the arm of authority, when the same multitude rushed to and fro in commotion, and the very elements of society seemed about to be dissolved. The very man who, when power ran high, and the prodigality of the court threatened to consume the life-blood of the nation, had attacked prerogative and heavy abuse, had thundered at the heels of royalty with the chariot of reform, and pushed frugality into the sacred recesses of the monarch's wardrobe, must now veil the dark features of government, and shield even its defects from an untimely and perilous exhibition to the captious scrutiny of malice; and stand forth to plead for unlimited expense and exertion in a conflict, whose object he considered to be the very existence of the monarchy itself. These are points in his life which a superficial or inimical investigator is very apt to pounce upon as proof positive of inconsistency; while the more cautious, profound, impartial student of his character regards them only as the legitimate, inevitable consequence of the most unbending integrity.

The general appearance of diversity in his writings is likewise just such as we might expect to discover, after reflecting that some of them were composed when the liberty of the people had like to have perished in the corruption of parliament and the austere domination of the nobility and the crown; others, when the very form of regal authority was nigh being totally obliterated in the delirious influence of the French system of anarchy and madness. These circumstances have produced the same difference, or a difference analogous to that which a skilful artist presents before the eye in the same landscape, taken from various points of view. The scene in each picture is but one; yet an alteration in the relative position of a tree, a river, or a cottage—objects before conspicuous thrown into the distance, and distant objects placed in the foreground—even a different shade of light thrown over the whole, or admitted upon parts of the landscape, will make the *tout ensemble* in each sketch delightfully various. Perhaps the variety in the human countenance would be a better illustration of the shadowy dissimilarity in Burke's productions. The essential features that go to make up the face are the same in every individual of the human species; yet how infinitely diversified is the

outline and expression by the slightest, most minute diversity in color or in form.

The number and virulence of the abuses cast upon Burke's character, during his life-time, do not excite our wonder, when we remember the motives that actuated, and the men who produced them: but it is truly wonderful that the public verdict concerning his merits should so long remain divided. Yet there are many reasons to account for the enmity that has pursued his memory in his own country, which render it highly probable that it must be long before a just appreciation of his virtue will there become universal. Party prejudice will continue to operate indefinitely, though it disappears as the lapse of time softens its bitterness. In his own life-time, during the early as well as the latter period of his public existence, his austere and unwavering integrity, public and private, made him the object of fear and dislike with the great majority of the House of Commons. Whenever he detected the gilded hand of corruption, or the concealed influence of bribery, he was sure to expose it; and the trembling malefactor shrunk beneath the blasting power of his sarcastic exhibition. The higher virtues, constancy, gravity, fortitude, fidelity, firmness, are never the best adapted to gain men's love, however they may challenge their admiration. In a corrupt age, amidst a bribed and venal multitude, they will always be hated. The men of his time could tolerate the eloquence of Fox, remembering that in his private character he was no better than they. Integrity and eloquence, both public and private, formed a combination of superiority beyond all endurance.

Many of his parliamentary exertions, likewise, most powerfully gathered against him the anger and odium of his fellow actors and successors in the political scene. Besides the odium that was the common lot of his party, though a more than equal portion attached itself to him, as the most strenuous and active supporter of its measures, an host of enemies usually followed on the bills which he himself originated, or which owed their origin and progress chiefly to the assistance of his inventive and vigorous genius. Such was the East India bill, which raised against him the whole tribe of the Company's directors, the whole body of the ministry of the kingdom, and the jealous indignation of the monarch, at what he considered an attempt to lessen the dignity and freedom of the crown. His reform bill made enemies of all the numerous individuals who were remotely and immediately affected by its operation. His endeavors to promote a more liberal system of commercial policy, particularly between England and Ireland, excited whole cities against him, and disturbed the contracted prejudices of all the short-sighted mercantile men in the kingdom. His exertions for the Catholics made him hateful to all intolerant bigots, (and they were plentifully abundant.) The impeachment of Warren Hastings made bitter enemies of that gentleman, his friends, and all his vast band of pensioners, including the nobles and half the nation, and towards its close became exceedingly unpopular with the people at large. And, lastly, his proceedings in

regard to the French revolution, for which the revolutionary or whig party are committed in everlasting war upon his memory, and which put a separating gulf between him and those two great compatriots, Fox and Sheridan, disclosed against him a race of foes more bitterly and enduringly malignant, more numerous, distempered, indefatigable, and fruitfully prolific, perhaps, than all his other public measures put together. The partial biographers and unqualified admirers of the last named individuals are sufficiently tasked to palliate the real deformities in their characters, without being compelled to relinquish their vaunted claim to be considered the peculiar protectors of the popular freedom—a concession to which they must inevitably be driven, if they ever exercise a tardy and reluctant justice to the memory of Burke.

It is curious to observe how the prejudice against him has extended, in some instances, even to the utter distortion of a man's critical discernment. Mr. Thomas Moore, in his life of Sheridan—a valuable biography, wherever it is not untrue, though often disgraced by a style insufferably gaudy and bombastic, and devoted, a good part of it, to the vile purpose of retailing the vulgar slanders upon Burke's reputation—attributes to his hero's pen the celebrated Letter to the Prince of Wales, denying to Burke, for various reasons, the authorship of that dignified production. "Indeed," says he, "the violent state of this extraordinary man's temper, during the whole of the discussions and opinions on the regency, would have rendered him, even had his intimacy with the prince been closer, an unfit person for the composition of a document requiring so much caution, temper and delicacy!!" The writer of this truly generous sentiment afterwards discovers that Burke was the real author of that document, and, with a personal candor almost equal to his previous injustice, or, more probably, from an unwillingness to strike out the slander, lets the whole passage remain. A very striking instance of the abominable falsehood of the assertion, that Burke's temper was so ungovernable as often to outrun his judgment, and carry him into headlong and desperate measures.

There is another calumny, yet blacker, thrown upon his memory by the amiable and voluptuous poet—that of having been actuated by feelings of envy and jealousy towards Sheridan. One single event in the glorious life of Burke most triumphantly demonstrates the impossibility of its truth. In the impeachment, the charge relative to the Begum princesses of Oude was one which Burke himself had previously determined to bring forward; for which he had already provided his materials, and prepared his powers. It was admirably adapted to the display of his splendid eloquence, as containing a range of subject which the other charges did not afford, and bringing within its compass all the prominent accused individuals. It was, besides, the most important and plausible article of accusation, and capable of the very highest coloring. Yet, at the request of Sheridan, who had also surveyed its advantages, and selected it for the exhibition of his own abilities, he yielded it, generously, readily and freely,

to this alleged object of his envy! We question much if such another instance of self-denying magnanimity can be found in all literary or political history. If that unhallowed feeling ever for a moment was an inmate in Burke's noble mind, he deserves the praise—still more uncommon than that of freedom from passion—the praise of so completely conquering its power. But, somehow or other, it always happens that the theory of his motives, so gratuitously invented by his enemies, is in direct contradiction to the corresponding course of his actions.

It is a common thing to meet almost daily, in the highest journals of Great Britain, with expressions of feeling towards this great man even more mean and malignant than any we have had occasion to notice. We meet, from time to time, in the Edinburgh Review, with thoughts like the following. We had not supposed that our brethren, on the other side of the water, held it a crime for an individual to devote himself so exclusively to the public benefit as to injure his private concerns. Let them never, henceforward, cast a reflection on the ingratitude of republics.—“It is possible that men, in their sympathy with the fate of genius, as they will phrase it, may lament over the sight of a man like Mr. Burke thus feeling the ordinary inconveniences of straitened circumstances. We do not allow of any feelings of this cast, (Pah!) unless they be the very same which the spectacle of imprudence and its results excites towards other men. Genius, so far from having any claim to favor when it neglects the ordinary precautions or exertions for securing independence, is, in truth, doubly inexcusable, and far less deserving of pity than of blame. Mr. Burke ought to have earned his income in an honest calling!! Every man of right feeling will prefer this to the degrading obligations of private friendship, or the precarious supplies, to virtue so perilous, of public munificence. It is certain that he chose to eat the bitter bread of both those bakings, rather than to taste the comely, the sweet, the exquisite fruit, however hard to pluck, of regular industry.* He was a politician by trade; a professional

* It cannot surely be necessary to go into any proof of the falsehood of this assertion, in regard to a man who manifested, considering the energetic intensity and the perseverance of his application, a degree of industry in many respects greater than any other human being ever exhibited. His exertions as a public man were far, very far more difficult, diversified, vast and laborious than they could possibly have been in any private occupation. It is equally superfluous to expose the shallowness of the position, that “there is no one of a British statesman's functions which may not be conjoined with the cares of an industrious life.” The very column (Burke's correspondence with Laurence) which started the venom of this partisan reviewer, affords palpable evidence, in the case of Dr. Laurence himself, that it is impossible, in a period of vast importance, for the most active individual to “conjoin” any private professional business with the exertions of a great statesman, without diminishing his public usefulness, and compelling himself often to neglect those duties which, in such a period, should be the first and exclusive object of regard, the duties of his public life. Dr. Laurence says, in regard to one of his own speeches, “I did not go into very many topics on which I wished to have enlarged; principally on account of the late hour; and in part also because I did not get down to the house till Windham was just going to speak, and consequently was afraid of going again over ground better trod before. I had been very busy both Saturday and Sunday evening till one in the morning, and did not get to bed till between two and three. With this, and the business of Monday morning in our own profession, I was jaded, and staid away from the house to take a nap till eight.”

statesman. There is no such craft recognized in this state; all our institutions are ignorant of it; all our habits averse to it; nor is there one of a British statesman's functions which may not be conjoined with the cares of an industrious life." We hold up such reflections as these to the scorn and indignation of our readers. We need not express our energetic abhorrence and contempt for that state of individual feeling which can dictate such sentiments, or for that deplorable condition of the public mind which can tolerate and applaud them. This, of the man whose whole life was but one continued, intense, unrequited exertion for the purest good of his country—whose soul had but one passion, its love for her glory—who consecrated himself and his children, with such deep, and almost religious devotion, to the cause of her happiness—whose hand defended her constitution, and whose spirit still protects it from outrage. This of him, but for whose burning patriotism the crown of Great Britain might have been only an added plaything for Napoleon to sport with, and her kingdom, instead of his everlasting prison-house, the royal palace of his luxury and pride. This of that man, whose single arm repelled destruction from the monarchy, and saved the people from the slavery of hell—of him, but for whose "political trade" those very scribblers might be grinding in the mill of despotism, or begging their bread from the hands of task-masters wet with the blood of their king, or waving in agony from the lamp-posts of their own doors, who now, when the disclosure of his private letters unseals to the world his long-hidden and silently-endured sorrows, stand upon his grave and insult his ashes with their hypocritical mockings and base insinuations. The passage we have quoted follows a pathetic extract from one of his letters on his private embarrassments. It breathes the very spirit of Shylock:—

Again, on another occasion—"If I have a fair opportunity, I intend to speak; but detained as I am till four o'clock in this court, and then unable to go away immediately to an important debate without some refreshment, I never get down till the first speakers, who take the general ground, have done; and before I can collect, from what follows, the tenor of the whole it grows late, and the house, harrassed as it is by daily attendance, becomes impatient. This alone prevented my speaking on the late Irish question, for which I went prepared, with my documents in my pocket." Again, at another time, on a question of great magnitude—"I should like to speak, but I shall have a long and heavy cause all the morning in the court of admiralty. I shall go down fatigued, and without having had a single moment to call my scattered thoughts about me, on so very important a subject. Of malice propense I shall not venture, but circumstances will guide, and I shall take whatever little preparation I can." Again, on another occasion—"Several times I was to have spoken on the proposition for a parliamentary change, introduced the other night by Grey; but I had unusually fatigued myself in the morning in two courts, before I went with my Oxford address in my scarlet robes to a hot levee-room at St. James's." These are the declarations of an eminent lawyer.

Burke's freedom from the shackles of a profession may be looked upon as one great cause of his unexampled superiority as a statesman. It is self-evident to every person who considers the subject, that his vast and continual exertion for his country's good could never have been combined, even by his own wonderful ability, with any professional occupation whatever. It was necessary for him, either to relinquish the hope of becoming the political saviour of his country, or to give up the prospect of glory, and wealth, and ease, and independence, which glittered in his path as a professional individual. He chose the latter alternative; and for this devoted patriotism his memory is derided—and that too by Englishmen! Certainly, the true spirit of a patriot cannot long exist in a country where its purest exhibitions are treated with contempt.

"I hate him, for he is a Christian,
But more for that in low simplicity
He lent out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
Tell me not of mercy—
This is the fool that lent out money gratis."

It was Burke's own declaration, that *if, in his public life, he could value himself upon anything, it was upon his consistency that he would value himself most.* Every one, who has seriously contemplated his life and character and writings, together with the history of the important period in which he acted, will be ready, most sincerely, to concur with him in this sentiment. To such an one it will seem no inconsiderable proof of his immeasurable superiority to all his contemporary statesmen, that he should never for once, from the beginning to the end of his laborious existence, have swerved from the principles with which he commenced it. It will seem evidence of a foresight truly astonishing that, when the period of the revolution approached, he should have been the first man in the kingdom to detect its guilty and dangerous nature ; the first to point out the path for all true friends of the monarchy ; the only one who acted with perfect independence in the terrible emergency—making out for himself, without any reliance whatever on the example or the reasonings of a single individual, from the patient, sagacious comparison of his own experience and the experience of history and the nature of the human mind, with the visible events as they were gradually developed, the firm, virtuous and honorable course, which all, who afterwards adopted it, were led to adopt by the example of his own wisdom and the reasonings of his own mind. It will be noticed by such an observer, that when he had formed his own opinion of the scene before him, when he had carefully searched into its causes, and detected its hidden springs, and predicted its future workings and results, and discovered in it a crisis of fearful importance to the whole human race—and when he had displayed, in the strongest forms of language, the processes of thought that led to those conclusions, it was long before he could fasten the conviction of their truth on the minds of his most familiar friends, of those who relied with the deepest confidence upon his wisdom—and yet longer, before he could convince his countrymen, that what they regarded as a temporary storm, which was soon to subside into a calm and purified atmosphere, was but the terrible forerunner of a tempest more awfully tremendous, the limits of whose power, or the continuance of whose ravages, it was impossible to define. The original sources of a foresight so superior, a discernment so far advanced before the progress of his age as to seem almost supernatural, must be traced up to the commencement of his political life, and even to the earliest course of his education ; it must be sought for, not only from the natural preeminence of his abilities, but from his previous mental habitudes, from the tenor of his studies, and the methods by which he had disciplined his powers.

The preparation of his mind for the business of life was altogether uncommon and peculiar, such as no other statesman ever undertook or accomplished. Before he set his foot in St. Stephen's chapel, he had chosen his political principles, and clearly sketched out the image of his public conduct. His entrance into parliament, a measure which, with most persons, was the result of adventitious and external circumstances, with him was the result of his own deliberate choice, produced by long consideration and ultimate mental conviction. He had nobly disciplined his intellect for the vast duties of his public life, by a long range of universal study, every branch of which the converging power of his genius turned, with a definite, though gradual direction, to the illustration of political science. He did not go into the practice of the law, the profession to which he was originally destined, but passed from it, after the usual term of study to the more general pursuit of constitutional knowledge and political economy. He was thus profoundly acquainted with the science of jurisprudence, and yet his opinions were neither narrowed by its subtleties, nor fettered with its technicalities. His mind was opened and liberalized in the same proportion in which it was quickened and invigorated. His views of constitutional law were rendered plain, decisive, sagacious and liberal, in a degree far superior to those of the most eminent barristers. Perfectly at home with them on all points, minute or important, he was, at the same time, by the aid of general truths and expanded maxims, by the clearness of his own unincumbered wisdom, enabled to decide with promptitude, when the legal or judicial head was perplexed with subtleties and intricacies, and to act with confident vigor, when a new and untried scene required the application of new and untried principles. The science of government, in its most universal view, he had made for many years almost the exclusive object of his contemplation. The English constitution he had examined in all its bearings, with patient, diligent, profound attention. Taught to reverence it from his youth up, with a proud and patriotic assurance of its being the noblest model of government in the world, he contemplated the beautiful combination of its parts, and the harmony of its operation, till reverence became admiration, and admiration heightened into love—till its image was indelibly impressed upon his mind, and its spirit interwoven with his feelings. During his residence at London, it was his custom to watch, from the lobbies, the proceedings of parliament, and observe the practical operation of the principles he had been contemplating in theory. Here, too, he learned, as it were insensibly, the method and detail of business, and the proper and peculiar station of the public officers. He became acquainted with the minds and manners of the speakers, and the various motives and purposes of opposing parties. He did not, therefore, come into parliament to con his lesson in any the most trifling respect. He was obliged to go through no gradual progression on his entrance, no tedious initiation with the members; but took his place at once among the noblest and most learned of them all.

At the mature and vigorous age of thirty six, he became a member of the House of Commons under the patronage of Lord Rockingham. He was a whig, but his doctrines were not drawn from the creed of the modern politicians who assumed that name, but from the declarations and proceedings of the whigs of 1688, when, in his opinion, the monarchy and its principles were forever settled on their true, fundamental basis. Here then, besides the infinitely wider extent of his political learning and experience, was another grand point of difference between himself and the members of the party with which he was acting, when the great drama of the French Revolution began to open on the world. Fox and Sheridan, who at that memorable period might be considered the leaders of their party, were men not only unprepared by the previous tenor of their studies, and the discipline of their minds, for the high duties of statesmen, but they were not even decided in their political belief. On their entrance into public life, instead of determining their own principles by the constitution, and choosing a party in accordance with those principles, and in order the better to defend them, they embraced a party connexion for its name, and subscribed, without any minute examination, the general creed by which that connexion professed to be guided. They were ignorant of the actual nature of the opinions they were pledged to support. We do not mean to say that they were then unprincipled politicians, though the former almost commenced his public existence by an instance of political desertion, and the latter ended his in the same manner. We mean only, that instead of enlisting under the banners of opposition as Burke did, because their views were strictly constitutional and bottomed on the Revolution of 1688, these gentlemen adopted that side because it was the popular side;—pretending, generally, to protect the liberty of the people from the overreaching prerogative of the crown, and the corruption of parliament. Their bosoms burned with the generous glow of freedom, and in embracing what professed to be her cause, they did not stop to examine her features, nor think it necessary to enquire whether the means to be used in her defence were constitutional, or whether they might not have been such as to overturn the very foundation and basis of all government. They pretended to be influenced by the love of liberty: Burke was actuated by the love of his country. Their patriotism was that of the heart, not of the understanding. Burke's love of freedom flowed likewise from ardent feeling, but it was equally the result of his judgment; it was modified by calm reflection, cool reasoning, and by his long profound study of the science of liberty.

The freedom of the people was connected essentially in his mind with ideas of restraint and subjection. Abstract freedom he knew did not exist in Great Britain, and he believed it ought not to exist anywhere. With the "natural rights of men" in a state of civil society he would have nothing to do. He hated the very sound of such metaphysical niceties and definitions in matters totally incapable of their acuteness, refinement, and abstraction. His notions of liberty he had fixed at a low standard, "in order that they should stick to him, and

that he might stick to them to the end of his life." Those of Fox and Sheridan were grand and swelling. Yet if theirs were more ardent, his were more rational. If theirs were more enthusiastic, his were better and more firmly founded. They were founded on an intimate acquaintance with the nature of the human mind, and the principles of political society. Accordingly Burke's whole life was but one continued practical exemplification of his theory of freedom; for it was not too lofty and splendid to admit of a practical application to the poorest and lowest of the people. Of almost all the beneficial measures of his party he was the original author, framer or suggester. And as in all great and important points he took the lead, it very often happened that his moderate and calm view of things prompted plans of great though minor utility, and detected less glaring abuses, which their sublime and magnificent survey might overlook or deem unworthy of notice.

If Burke's love of liberty was less soaring, his hatred to oppression was more deeply settled and intense. In morals, it is a theory of the benevolent affections that the active powers and habits of benevolence are constantly growing more irresistibly powerful with every new repetition; while at the same time the impulses of feeling are becoming less strong and sensible, the oftener they are repeated and acted upon. If this theory will hold true in regard to the minute and daily actions of benevolence, it certainly may, in a certain proportion, with respect to those of a grander and more extensive kind, though of less frequent occurrence. It is, therefore, no fanciful imagination, that while Burke was growing old in the uninterrupted habit of laborious action for the good of his country, the enthusiastic love of liberty, which in his mind was always founded on reflection and comparison, was gradually subsiding into a calm, settled, majestic conviction of duty, as different from the passion which animated the minds of his two great contemporaries, as the law which regulates the system of the universe, from the irregular force that hurls a meteor across the spheres. That this sublime conviction, connected with the strong and ever strengthening habit of active exertion, produced a grave, but intensely powerful combination of character, which made up, in his bosom, what in other men's minds would be denominated the ruling passion—a concentration of the whole energies of his being, with irresistible vehemence, for the relief of the oppressed and the preservation of his country's liberties. Hence, with him patriotism, generous and noble as it is, assumed a form still higher and nobler. It was the sustaining element of his soul—the entire business of his existence—the only earthly purpose of his life. And hence, instead of growing dim, like other passions, with age, it became of necessity yet more powerful, and was exhibited in the last hour of his being with an intensity, which might have been taken for insanity in any other bosom. And it acted with an uniform vigor, not unlike the power of his philanthropic impulses in the mind of Howard. "It was the calmness of an intensity, kept uniform by the nature of the human mind forbidding it to be more, and by the character of the individual forbidding it to be less."

The same disposition of his mind, made up of the grave conviction and the active habit, and combined with his views of rational liberty as springing from, and in subordination to the principles of the British constitution, impelled him on all proper occasions to lend his assistance to the hand of government in drawing tighter the reins of discipline, when the licentiousness of the people demanded additional restraint. During the terrible riots in 1780, a period when the influence and prerogative of the crown were at their utmost height, and the prevalence of despotic principles most fearful and gloomy, Burke was found like the true patriot, laying aside for a season the vigilant and censoring temper of opposition, suspending all jealousies and party animosities, and supporting with his utmost energy the vigorous measures of the king's ministers; while Fox and Sheridan, in whose minds the love of liberty was not thus balanced by the love of order and reverence for the constitution, criminally withheld their assistance, under the mistaken fear of increasing the power and influence already alarming. The nobleness of Burke's conduct on this occasion cannot be properly appreciated by any person who has never perused his own unostentatious and dignified history of the whole measure, in his speech at Bristol previous to the election, from page 231 to 251 of the second volume of his works.

The same powerful combination, while it gave force to all his active measures, kept him in possession of his judgment, clear and collected, even in times of the highest excitement; enabled him to look with a cautious eye on the countenance of the state and the public weal; and prevented him from mistaking the hectic flush of fever and disorder for the glow of health. It assisted him, together with his early political studies, his vast constitutional knowledge, his views of the Revolution in 1688, his firm reliance on the wisdom of his ancestors, whose principles he had adopted, his intimate acquaintance with those principles and their foundation, to detect the changes and additions and modifications, which time, circumstances, the spirit of novelty were silently and gradually introducing into the political creed of the modern whigs.

Early did he give warning of the loosening of the fabric of government by the prevalence of those opinions, that set in motion the horrors of the French Revolution. When those horrors began to glare upon the world he knew there must be something radically and incurably wrong in the principles that produced them. Well might he believe, when he beheld the ark of liberty upborn upon the shoulders of debauched atheists, expatriated deists, visionary fanatics, feigned philosophers, obscene voluptuaries, abandoned apostates, traitors, murderers, that its chaste and holy and beautiful genius had first been driven by their infernal orgies from the shrine. Well might he suspect the total abandonment of freedom,

"When such as these presumed to lay their hands
On her magnificent and awful cause."

When the fearful crisis approached, which Burke had predicted, when the time came which was to try men's souls, then was it seen

what an eternal difference there was "between a true and severe friend of the monarchy, and a flattering sycophant of the court." Then was it seen how far each party had adhered to its original and simple principles; how far each individual had kept himself pure from the novel speculations of the age; and who those were that had departed from the spirit of the British Constitution. Then was it found to the rage and astonishment of the followers of Fox, that he and his great friend were as far asunder as the distant poles, in their real political opinions, and ideas of liberty, and conceptions of the duties of a patriot. There was but one course for the lover of freedom on English principles, the stern and unbending patriot, the steadfast friend to the English monarchy and constitution. Burke pursued it. Mortally as he hated all abstract discussions of the origin of government, and the natural rights of man, he could, if need be, grapple with their most intricate subtleties, and pour around their bewildering sophistry the splendid illumination of his genius. He could look with firmness on the appalling forms of anarchy and riot, called up by the incantations of the French from the darkness and the sleep of ages. He could stand forward with calm moral courage, openly and minutely to explain the principles of the British Government, to unfold the real doctrines which belonged to the true whig party, which distinguished the old whigs of 1688, from the new whigs of 1791, which the latter would not acknowledge, while they beheld with dismay the ground on which he stood, and his energetic refutation of those political doctors, who declared the monarchy illegal unless the monarch were elected by the people. It was then that the Foxites seceded from him, not he from them. The inconsistency was all on their part, and a most fearful inconsistency it was. "This is the clue to the separation," (we quote from the Annual Register of 1791) "very candidly and truly given by a writer full of acrimony against Mr. Burke, and a professed champion on the other side. He describes the judgment of Mr. Burke on French affairs as fettered by system. 'The oracle of a great aristocracy,' says he 'it had been necessary for you to form a creed; and you had neglected the progress of the human mind subsequent to its adoption;' while he tells us that Mr. Fox, on the other hand, came to the subject, 'unshackled by the change of system, at liberty to remark and follow the progress of opinion, and meriting the singular praise of being more near the level of his age than any professed statesman in Europe.'" The glory of Burke was that of reforming, instead of following—that of resisting, instead of acquiescing in the spirit of times. It was his "singular praise" to have been farther in advance of the spirit of his age than any other individual in the world.

For the interest and happiness of Burke, as a member of the political community, it would have been better to have continued the connection. At his time of life, such a total disruption of ties, that had so long bound him, must have been exceedingly painful and injurious. He was too old to seek another party, and if he had not been, the very few whose sentiments coincided with his, were not numerous or strong

enough to form one. He was almost as much disgusted by the weak, undecided, unenergetic measures of Pitt in opposition to the French spirit of conquest and proselytism, as he was with the criminal applause and support it received from those whom he had quitted. From the monarch of Great Britain he was at an inseparable distance; having through his whole life opposed his domineering wishes, and appearing now the supporter of the monarchy rather than the friend of the king.

For the private feelings of Fox and Burke, it was better perhaps that the connexion between them should be totally dissolved. On the part of the former there had long been a coolness, by whatever cause it was induced; and to attempt to preserve the appearance of union, when even the last element of it, a similarity of political views, had perished, would have been impossible and absurd. "Open enmity" says the latter "is better than angry friendship;" and the point of their difference was one that would have embittered the whole of their intercourse public and private, had their intimacy continued with their views unchanged. Those who, with Dr. Parr, (a man of real, though eccentric benevolence, and of such extreme "liberality," that he would barter civilities and flatteries with the prince of darkness himself, as long as he should preserve a moderate and affable demeanor,) drivel about Burke's severity and Fox's superior goodness of heart, would do well to examine the scene before they exhibit their doting ignorance in regard to it. They would do well to remember the harsh, irritating, insolent, unfeeling speeches and conduct of the latter, and the calm, unresenting, noble, dignified deportment of his injured friend.

In a public light the measure was one of unmixed benefit to the nation, and of inevitable occurrence, so long as the contrary opinions of the two individuals remained unaltered. The French Revolution was not a subject on which the greatest statesman in England could disagree so widely, and still remain of the same political party. A difference on this subject involved contradiction on almost every measure of constitutional importance. It was not merely a diversity of opinion about the utility or possibility of a perfect representation; it was direct contrariety on the very form, foundation and legal principles of the government itself.

Burke's motives, in withdrawing from his party and publicly abjuring his friend, were exceedingly grand and noble. He had long been watching the gradual progress of the causes that produced the revolution in France, and he could see among his countrymen a partial concurrence of the same causes, and a tendency to the same result. He could see a strong and growing disposition in their minds to imitate the proceedings of their neighbors. He could not but fear the disastrous influence which the active admiration of a man like Fox must have upon a multitude already prepared for the excitement. He might have overrated the damage; we should never have dared to think so, if he had not published his reflections. We are apt to look back with wonder, after the lapse of time, at the feelings of alarm which exercised our minds during periods of anxiety and danger that have long

passed away, as unreasonable and groundless. Commotion and discontent certainly did exist in England to a great and unwarrantable degree, and who can know to what fatal termination the disorder might not have arrived, if the measures adopted to check its progress and annihilate its power had been neglected. The danger was not the less real, it was even the more terrible, for the very general discredit and denial of its existence—the more fearful because the nation seemed insensible to its approach. In his first exertions on this subject in parliament, very few would believe the denunciations of the prophet. They had rather listen to the eloquent and enthusiastic applause of Fox. The discriminating censures of Burke even his best friends looked upon as unseasonable ; his violent opposers rudely and indecently interrupted them. Burke well knew the mighty influence of his friend's name in giving support, authority and credit to French principles, and he believed it his duty resolutely and at all hazards to hold up to the public a solemn warning of their danger—a stern and practical exhibition of his own deep abhorrence of their nature. He had written a book upon this great subject, and he knew it was his duty to corroborate that strong expression of his sentiments by his actual conduct at all times and under all circumstances, in his private life and in the public councils of the kingdom. He was ready to make the sacrifice of his party connections and even of his private friendship, if thus only he could prove to all the world of what all-controlling importance, he considered a just opinion on this subject to be. He knew that a man's moral power must be founded on the moral consistency of his actions ; that a sacrifice, such as that he did make, would give weight to his reasonings, and display, to all who should read his reflections, their commanding energy upon himself. In all this there was a nobleness, a moral grandeur not unlike that which shone in the conduct of the man, who, when all the appeals of reason and remonstrances of affection were lost upon his companions, deliberately walked forward to the place of danger and by his own voluntary destruction saved them from the same fate.

The manner in which he persevered in a total separation from Fox to the last moment of his life is a very striking proof of its sincerity. In his last illness Fox wished to visit him ; Burke dictated to his wife this magnanimous answer. " It had cost Mr. Burke the most heartfelt pain to obey the voice of duty in rending asunder a long friendship, but that he had effected this necessary sacrifice ; that his principles remained the same ; and that in whatever of life yet remained to him he conceived that he must continue to live for others and not for himself. Mr. Burke is convinced that the principles which he has endeavored to maintain are necessary to the good and dignity of his country, and that these principles can be enforced only by the general persuasion of his sincerity."

The whole progress of the dissolution of the party, from its beginning to its close, forms one of the most instructive and deeply interesting passages in the annals of political history. The immediate scene of separation betwixt the two celebrated and remarkable men, who were

its actors, was one of unmixed moral sublimity ; such as was never before witnessed, and perhaps may never again occur. It is rare that the impulses of private affection preserve their influence amidst the contests of public life. Those conflicts call into frequent and strong exercise the whole circle of the stormy and vigorous passions ; but the feelings excited on such occasions do seldom if ever become of a softer nature than those of deep intellectual reverence or lofty admiration. Here was a scene totally unparalleled in all political history. The solemn public disruption of the ties of a long continued and intimate friendship betwixt the two individuals of the most majestic genius and extraordinary endowments in the whole British Empire. It exhibited in fine contrast the dissimilar characters of Fox and Burke—the latter in an attitude of sad but virtuous determination ; the former, overpowered by the mighty force of contending emotions—of private remembrances and political associations, all clustered upon one event and crowded into one moment—and giving himself up in a flood of tears to the unrepressed flow of his agitated feelings. It illustrated the sensibility of Fox's mind and the temporary goodness of his heart ; but displayed at the same moment, in a most painful light, his illiberality and ingratitude, his want of steadiness and honesty, and the blackness of his political errors. It threw a glorious lustre over the richness and grandeur both of Burke's moral and mental qualities—over the strength of his judgment, the sternness of his integrity, the intensity of his patriotism, which would not suffer the dictates of his private feelings, however forcible, to utter their appeal against the convictions of his public duty. The most exact, minute and vigorous description of this scene may be found in the British Annual Register for 1791, from the perusal of which no man can arise without a heightened admiration of Burke's exalted character.

The application by Sir Joshua Reynolds of Milton's character of Abdiel to his friend's portrait was not more beautiful than true.

“ Among the faithless faithful only he !” &c.

This consistency Burke justly esteemed more valuable than any other quality of his life. Consistency in the occurrences of private existence, and, (in periods of political security and harmony) in the events of public life, as it is a virtue more easily practised than dispensed with, becomes one which deserves no very exalted praise. A man is considered rather a fool than a villain, who, under such circumstances, incurs the odium of fickleness and inconstancy. But in times of high political excitement, when clouds and darkness and doubt rest upon the future, when tempest and earthquakes agitate the world, when disorder is on the face of all things and danger and difficulty lie thick in every path, then it becomes a virtue of the very highest order. At such periods the lines of duty are faintly marked, and often seem to cross and mingle and entangle with each other. The very extremes of truth and error are obscured. Not only the dictates of judgment, but the clear obligations of morality appear to clash and interfere. At such periods the man who keeps constantly in the highway of rectitude exhibits the strongest possible proofs of the most stern and

immoveable integrity. But in proportion as the times are more disastrous and the public virtues more difficult to be observed, their obligations with those who have the management of the public weal, instead of being diminished, are enhanced and rendered more sacredly binding. The failures from judgment and the departures from consistency become far less excusable, and the betrayal and desertion of the public good more awful, ignominious and unpardonable.

If there were no other blot upon the character of Fox, it would greatly lessen our admiration of his virtues and abilities, to behold him, on the approach of the French Revolution so ardent a lover of its principles, so obstinate an applauder and promoter of its scenes. If he was sensible of the danger to his country's constitution and still was willing to incur it, for what seemed to his fancy a more plausible scheme of liberty—he was no better than an absolute traitor to its welfare. If he did not behold the hazard and terror he was bringing down upon the nation, nor believe in the reality of its existence when with such convincing evidence it was forced upon his mind, he must be thought to exhibit a blindness of judgment truly astounding; he must be esteemed deplorably deficient in all the most important qualities of a statesman—in prudence, discernment, vigilance, circumspection and comprehensiveness of view. He must be deemed totally ignorant of the true principles of the government, of which *ipse pars fuit*, which were eternally and irreconcilably at variance with the French system of liberty. Something may be allowed to the newly kindled enthusiasm for freedom, and the joy of beholding a great nation asserting its right; but when such impulses carry a man so far as to prefer another system of government to that under which he lives, their genuine patriotism becomes somewhat suspicious. The very Turk, who rails at the infidel dog for having his head safe upon his shoulders, and exults that his own may bounce off instantly at the command of his master, the prophet's vicegerent upon earth, is a truer patriot than he. Fox's love of liberty might have rendered him a citizen of the world, but his was not English patriotism, that could run wild after every new bugbear of the rights of man,—that could hold up for scrutiny to the British Constitution, the torch of anarchy and riot, till it had well nigh perished in the heat. In the admiration with which he gazed at the glare of the French democracy, Fox resembled those insects that buzz and dance about in the beams of the lamp on our table, until, dazzled and drunk with the brilliance, they rush headlong into the flame.

Burke's strong and glowing attachment to the monarchy and all the institutions of his native land, was neither a narrow nor a bigoted sentiment. We may call it prejudice, this fondness for the principles of his ancestors and the forms which he found; but it was the prejudice of a wise and pious mind—the fondness of an ardent lover of his country. That prejudice is true wisdom, and that bigotry is sterling virtue, which will not permit its possessor to relinquish one jot or one tittle of the government under which he is born and the religion in which he is educated, without the very strongest and most powerful

convictions of absolute duty. Burke could not conceive how any man could have brought himself to consider his country's constitution as a subject for political experiment. *Experimentum corpore vili*, was with him a good rule; but for a man to exercise his quackery on that, which of all other things he ought to hold most dear, required a degree of presumption and wickedness, which seemed inexplicable. In conformity with these feelings, though continually engaged in healing disorders and reforming abuses in the state, he steadfastly resisted through his whole life every innovation or reform, which pretended to meddle with its original, internal constitution—that constitution which had given freedom and happiness to his ancestors and still continued to bless their descendants—which, though not absolutely or abstractedly perfect, he yet thought sufficiently so for all the practical purposes of liberty—sufficiently so to justify him in not being willing to hazard its very existence in the vain hope of improving it, or, “to cut it in pieces, and cast it into the kettle of any French magicians, in order to boil it with the puddle of their compounds into youth and vigor.”

(*To be continued.*)

TO —.

Sleep on ! for what's to waken thee ?
 The silver moon her watch hath ta'en—
 And the cool night breeze from the main,
 Is whispering in the cedar tree—
 While that lone bird so mournfully
 Pours to the air his sad complain.

Sleep on ! in other lands afar—
 Where human beings wake and war,
 The shout of victory may go up—
 The mother weep her slaughtered son,
 And the stern captives, one by one,
 Drain to the dregs the poisoned cup—
 Or on the deep, where tempests roam,
 The mariner with failing breath,
 May stretch his arms to seek a home,
 And find it in th' embrace of death.

Sleep on ! the wicked cannot sleep—
 It is for them to wake and weep—
 With bitter tears to wash away
 The errors of a wasted day—
 To bend before the altar stone,
 To sainted Mary and her Son—
 And then from all, save God, apart,
 To bid the fervent prayer arise,
 And offer up the sacrifice,
 A broken and a contrite heart.

Sleep on ! and when the moment comes,
 To sleep that everlasting sleep—

Oh trust that many a one shall weep,
 Above thy last and cheerless home !
 And when the spring flower gems the bank,
 And the wind sports upon the wave,
 And o'er thy willow-shaded grave,
 The grass is nodding, long and rank—
 Then when the dew drops fill the air,
 The village maidens young and fair,
 Will pluck the violet in its bloom,
 And scatter them above thy tomb,
 And still as long years roll away
 When spring-tide brings a holiday—
 The aged fathers of the land,
 With hoary head and trembling hand,
 With staff will prop their failing knee,
 And tottering to the holy ground,
 Will point toward that little mound,
 And mourn that there are none like thee.

CONVERSATION.

"Some have certain common places wherein they are good, but want variety; which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious, and, when once perceived, ridiculous. The honorablest part of talk is to give the occasion; and again to moderate and pass to something else, for then a man ends the dance." *Bacon.*

COMING across this passage in my reading the other day, I fell to musing upon conversation; and having turned over in my mind, the most entertaining characters I had known, I philosophized upon the entertainment I found in their society. It was an amusing analysis, and, I fear, has disturbed a very blessed ignorance; for, in this good natured world, the semblances of sense and spirit pass with very little question, and many a one is reckoned a pleasant fellow, whose wit lies rather in the merry humor of his friends, than in his own facetiousness.

There are many kinds of conversational talent. One man tells a good story, another is skilful at an argument, another has a brilliant vein of *persiflage*, and another, as Sir Fopling says, "has an agreeable voice for a chamber;" and these require as different powers and cultivation as poetry, music and painting, and are possessed together as rarely. A talent for amusing a circle, either by narration or wit, is not desirable, however its possessor may be admired. If vanity would suffer it to be confined to the narrow circle of friendship, or if fashion created a Utopia, it would have its true value; but in the present unequal state of society it is the part of gentlemanliness *to be* amused, and he who is on the invited list for his entertaining qualities, might, for the dignity of his situation, as well have been a player. The case is altered of course where age or superior rank entitles a

guest to exclusive attention. The lead which a distinguished individual is always expected to take in society, obliges him rather to discourse than converse, and here as in most other comparative situations the name is half the battle. An ordinary remark comes inflated from lips that are supposed oracular, and with a moderate degree of general information and a little tact of manner, the man on whom honor is thrust because Fortune is blind, often astonishes the world with his wisdom. It takes real wit, and a great deal of it, and manner and tact and knowledge, and a great deal of all of them, to draw upon a young, undistinguished man a reputation for this vein of talent. The good humor of wit, at least, requires such a genial atmosphere to burn brilliantly, that the doubt and suspicion with which it is received when not expected, chill it of half its lustre ; so that, what with the difficulty of winning, and its questionable value when won, a reputation as an amusing person would seem somewhat an impolitic ambition. In familiar circles however, there are a few things more delightful and desirable than entertaining talent. Humor is its main requisite, but it combines a thousand others. Quick observation, knowledge of the world, graphic imagination, confidence, good nature, and that indefinable quality, tact—all that makes an accomplished, and, what is of more excellence, a *kind* man, go to its composition. With such requisites, what is the wonder if the talent is rare, or that it is idolized like a cynosure when found ? Rosalie's model of an agreeable man, (of what has Shakspeare not given us a model ?) is one of the best I remember.

"A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal :
His eye begets occasion for his wit ;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest :
Which his fair tongue, (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished ;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

The *bagatelle* conversation of polished society is to a certain degree a necessary accomplishment. It is the current, and, with an indifferent acquaintance, the only proper language, and therefore it must at some time or other be practised by every one whomingles with the world. Yet I know of nothing which, in its excellence at least, is so uncommon. Any body can trifle, but to mask spirit and wit and information under the semblance of folly—to be the "soul of whim, and the spirit of variety," and yet, by the skill and brilliancy with which the changes are run through, to make Folly seem fairer than Wisdom, is a task for Genius. It requires a deep under-current of information and accomplishment, a graceful and alert fancy, and a

degree of self-possession and boldness approaching to impudence. In the mixed character which is found in the skirts of all society in this country, a knowledge of circumstances, and a keen insight into human nature, are also necessary, for in the exaggeration and satire which mingle so largely in spirited bagatelle, there is much at which nursery innocence and grown up unsophistication stare and take offence; but with a well-bred companion, as society goes, the *abandon* of this kind of conversation, satirical and extravagant and even grotesque as it sometimes is, is always safe, always amusing.

On a first introduction, conversation is of course very limited. Respectfulness, as deep as can be expressed by manner and language, and a studious confinement to third person topics, are points of universal policy. Nothing so wins upon favor as respect, and no familiarity is more offensive than egotism or personality in a new acquaintance. At the same time, this, like every other rule, is *a la discretion*, and, with a spirited woman or a very talented one, a well executed *coup de manège* at first sight is often brilliantly successful. It is hazardous, however, and would not be tolerated except in a very authentic person, and by a tolerably vain woman—for the apology lies in her supposed superiority to common etiquette or the pardonable forgetfulness of admiration.

In the ordinary *tete-a-tete* intercourse of society the outline alone is defined by etiquette. Its rules are easily learned, but, beyond these, every man is his own text book. With the great mass of people indeed, of both sexes, as long as the forms of propriety are observed, it makes little difference what conversation is, and hence the fact that there is a manual of current nonsense in society used by general understanding between those who are indifferent to each other. Every body knows and practices it, and its safe course of topics, (the weather, the lights, the music, dress, *ennui* and oysters) is of infinite convenience, when, from circumstances or the character of your companion, there is no object in pleasing. But with the rare spirits of society, the intellectual *elite*, the witty and lovely, (for if beauty has not bewitched us out of judgment, wit and loveliness do come often together)—with these, conversation, compared with the humdrum intercourse to which we have alluded, is as the lark's flight to the owl's—Ariel's spiriting to the dull gambols of Caliban. It is the excellence of intercourse with the gifted, that the higher the sphere of conversation, the more liberal its freedom. It is the only society in which the fetters of etiquette may be loosely worn. Yet even here, such is the jealousy of human nature, it is not politic to be forgetful. It is a pretty dream to believe wit and beauty what they seem; to abandon all to impulse without a fear of offence or a guard against suspicion and envy. But grievous as it is to believe, there is no safety in frankness—no security against offending your friend by

the exposure of any quality which brings you into competition with himself. A safe rule is to take it for granted that no allusion to yourself can have any possible interest. Sweet as egotism is, it is the food of mistrust and jealousy, and it is only in the most confiding intimacy that its unction may be laid freely to the soul. If the world does you injustice, the woman you love may listen patiently to your defence, or if she has mistaken a trait in your character the evidence it gives of your affection may excuse an earnest justification. There are critical moments in acquaintance, too, when, to talk guardedly of ourselves has a politic shew of confidence ; but leave out these, and there is neither time nor circumstance in all the wide ranges of society, when the *c'est moi* is not as vile a phrase to the listener as "the beautified Ophelia" to the ears of old Polonius.

What a perfectly natural thought was Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* ! Who can breathe the artificial atmosphere of polished society without a sensation of closeness and restraint—an irrepressible desire to escape into some region where the eye is never repelled nor the tongue fettered. We can conceive of the refreshment it gave to the " *Mirror of Chivalry*" to retreat from the stiff formality and hollow ceremony of the court, to revel in the fairy land of his own sweet creation. It is an affected philosophy which haunts in hermitages and professes a contempt for the world ; but it is a dull heart, still, which amid its folly and heartlessness, has no yearning for solitude. The maxims we have embodied above are the received policy of life, and where is the uninitiated mind that, with all their practical necessity, does not shrink from their constraint and affectation ? The curse of Luxury is, that Simplicity and Truth walk with the lowly, and there can be no nature in the bosom that does not miss, sometimes, these handmaids to happiness. There are hours it is true, when the most extravagant mirth is not beyond our enjoyment, but who has not felt its reaction in the very midst, and wished, that, with a fairy suddenness his guests might disappear, leaving him, like the Roman host after supper, to the silent company of the

*"Aurea juvenum simulacra per aedeis
Lampadas igniferas manibus retinentia dextris."*

THE BROTHERS.

Now night came down, and the full moon-beams
Gave a pleasant light—like a poet's dreams ;
And over the silver streams they fell,
Those bright moon-beams—and o'er dingle and dell.
Over meadow and forest a light air blew,
From the bland north-west, with a soft still dew.

And the fairest place that the light breeze knew,
 And the moon looked upon from its kingdom of blue,
 Was low by the bank of a clear swift stream,
 Where the glimmering light of the moon's good beam
 Shone down on a spot of the fairest green
 That ever those rays in their course had seen.

And the trees were about it—almost to the sky—
 And shading the stars that passed it by,
 And bathed their tops in as pure a light
 As ever was danced in by fay or sprite ;
 While out in the front was a noble pile,
 Where pleasure and joy were reigning the while.

A pastime was there, and a merry din—
 And the moon without, and the lights within,
 Were merry together—the young and fair
 Were joyously feasting together there—
 And the noise of mirth was the only sound,
 As the wine cup went its journey round.

But two came down to the great hall door,
 And hastily paced they the distance o'er,
 Till they came to the side of the proud old wood,
 And under the moonlight bare-headed they stood ;
 Then out in the light their weapons flashed,
 And away in the water their scabbards dashed.

And their eyes glared fiercely—they held their breath,
 And fought as it were to the very death ;
 Oh many a deadly thrust was made,
 And ever rung loudly the angry blade ;
 Yet still the mirth in the hall went on,
 Though out in the moonlight their best had gone.

And now they sate them upon the ground—
 Full weary they were, and from many a wound
 The dark blood dropped—but their mortal strife,
 Though they breathed the air with a gasp for life,
 Was nothing o'er—well told the glare
 Of their eyes, as they sat in silence there.

Young were they both, and the brow of one
 Was fair, as if never the dark'ning sun
 Had shone upon it ; his flashing eye
 Might well become him in name so high,
 Might well belong to so proud a race,
 As that of Sir William Delanace.

The other—his face was as proud, but dark—
 Where trouble and war had left their mark ;
 And though there were none who his name did know ;
 Did never a bolder to battle go,
 Nor any warrior combat for fame,
 As the stranger-knight, with unhonored name.

He had fought, as he cared not for danger or death,
 And looked on blows as the south-wind's breath ;
 And where none other had dared to lead,
 The blood-red knight had spurred his steed—
 And fierce was the battle, and bloody the field,
 Where the red knight's war-cry was heard and pealed.

Brief time for a share of rest was there—
When again for the combat did they prepare,
And Sir William tore his coat away,
And bared his throat to the cold air's play—
And setting his back to an old oak tree,
He cried 'Come on!' to his enemy.

But the sword from the grasp of his foeman fell,
And he gazed, as if under some wizard spell,
At his open neck—and he faltered near,
And looked with a troubled eye, as in fear,
Where the mark of the holy cross was plain—
Then slowly spake he, as one in pain.

"Hast thou a brother?—nay, *hadst* thou one?—
Spake ever thy sire of another son?"
"Ay—one that the Scots had taken away,
When our dwelling near to this border lay—
And on his neck"—"That cross *I* bear"—
Showed he his throat—and the cross was there.

He had found a brother—the still, fair night
Looked on them for many an hour in light,
As they sat beneath it, in converse long—
And many a pace was the bright morn gone,
Ere they left the place that their blood had dyed,
And entered the hall in a flush of pride.

A. P.

THE HISTORY OF THE ALPHABET. *

IT was a lazy, good-for-nothing afternoon in the Spring season, when I sauntered according to my usual wont, into the shop of one of the chief publishers in our modern Athens. It had been my custom for many years to seek this as a sort of literary lounging place, where I could enjoy the delight of running over new titles, and rustling my fingers through new books just from the press. I had long before confessed myself utterly unable to buy my reading, and at the same time declared how completely I was cursed with a propensity to devour everything that came out.

"It is a disease with me," said I, plaintively—and, accordingly, in view of my resources, and then of my constitutional predicament, they very kindly gave me the freedom of the whole shop. I was to go in and out, and through it, like an owner.

* Since the following article was written, it has been suggested to the Author that a little work by Montgomery, called "Prose by a Poet," contains a piece under the same title as this. It may be needless, but not improper for him, therefore, to say, that of this fact, if fact it be, he was totally ignorant at the time of writing this grave "History." He would willingly declare, however, that should thought or language here, disclose any resemblance to the production of Mr. M., he will be glad of it—as any such literary sympathy in this gay department, is a pleasant thing enough, on a thousand accounts.

I used to pitch like a harpy, upon the “last novels,”—and, as at such times, we are frequently guilty of a long *sederunt*, the boy who ran for the customers—a good natured lad—had, in a sort of insensible way, planned out a little retreat for me, away in the futurity of the establishment, where, in solitary chair, and with a compendious table before me, I could read undisturbed, and, if need was, think as secretly and independently as a prince. I suppose I was looked on as a part of the furniture of the place ; but I cared little for the reputation in which I was held on that score, if I could only anticipate the circulating libraries, and enjoy my books in this cheap and comfortable way.

On the day I have mentioned, I swung in as usual, passing by scores of sweet bellies at the counters, and casting my eye in the accustomed place, descried a new volume, in a blue linen back soliciting observation. Without stopping, I grasped it silently and made forward to my *adyta*, with the ease and manner of a master. It was *Almacks*—a new novel. As it had then just issued—and, as I had heard, moreover, that there had been some fashionable *brouillerie* about obtaining it, I sat down with the determination of being supremely amused, and of enjoying an innocent laugh at the gay fooleries of the fools of Babylon.

As I read on and still onward, the hours slipped away, the shop was deserted, the light grew dim, and the book grew dull, until—joy of a happy digestion !—I fell asleep with the volume between my knees, and my chin in my bosom. How long I remained in this state it is difficult to tell, but I was roused by a strong light, that seemed to flash all about me. I was just on the eve of crying fire, when I perceived it would be of no avail, as I was decidedly locked up, and I should naturally be taken for the incendiary, if I was found here in the midst of matters. I therefore determined to burn rather than suffer shame.

But in the midst of this singular train of thought, I became more fully awake, and confident, at last, that the light was too phosphoric for a conflagration. Directing my eyes to the counter, on the amplest part of which the illumination seemed to pour, my astonishment was complete.

Scattered over the superficies, that you might easily imagine a piece of brilliant green-sward—or a billiard table—or the council-board (saving the color) of the Ladies Patronesses at Willis’s Rooms—scattered I say over this surface, and moving to and fro with all the non-chalance of old pedestrians, were to be seen the venerable Twenty-six letters of the Alphabet, in Roman Capitals ! Whence the power of locomotion, I was in trouble to tell, for I saw neither legs nor pinions. There was nothing like a face about any of them—yet they all seemed to have an expression. It was evidently mid-

night—for the carriages had done rattling. Easy was it, therefore, to hear the clear, silver-toned little voices that rung round the tapis, as these important personages met in this wide and beautiful field, on their descent from the bookshelves. I could not but pass particular observation upon some of the queer company as they marched in review. The bare idea was the most amusing imaginable. The Alphabet at an airing!—The Roman letters coming in good earnest out of folios, and octavos and duodecimos, to hold a *conversazione* on the counter! The little essences of all language sporting and chatting upon the place of shambles, where they are every day sold, dumb and innocent by the hundreds! The Capitals at conference! The A B C's at a social party!

First there was A, a tall fellow, moving about, “as if he had gyves on”—and anon poising himself on his head, like a mad-cap, so glad at his liberty!—mocking and laughing all the time at V, who stalked sullenly at his side. There was B, like a large man in a dropsy, plodding along in simple wonder at everything he saw about him—and S, shooting away like a Swan, and hissing at everything in his wake. Q, flaunting his tail among the gentry, and X, practising with his legs, as though he were determined to outdo the *figurantes*. Indeed, it appeared to be high holy-day with the singular creatures, and I know not how long they would have continued their antics had not A called all hands to order, and requested *and-per-se* who acted as a sort of whipper-in, to collect the scattering, that each might tell to his fellows his history after his own way. “For,” said he “we have long enough been placed beside each other without much acquaintance, like slaves whose silence has been equalled only by their labor. Let us each tell his little story; and to that effect I advise ye all, saving O, and such round-about bodies, to whom it may not be permitted, to stretch out yourselves on this green carpet, and each relate according to his standing. Wherefore, methinks, I can’t do better than begin. And, my friends, it seems perfectly correct to premise, that there is a vital mistake, in attributing our invention or introduction among any people under the sun, to Master Cadmus—and we treat with proper contempt any part of profane history that goes to disprove the idea of our self-invention and total originality. Our brother C, who was the very making of Cadmus, can testify to this foolish falsehood, and it is therefore settled *de jure* that we owe our origin to no ‘being of earth’s world.’”

“I,” continued A, “was cotemporary with Adam; and the first that I recollect of myself was in the service of that ancient gentleman, as I was ever the first in requisition, when he made up his despatches under his own hand and signature. I went into the Ark leading the Antediluvians—abode all his life with Abram, so that to this day, to hurry over all meaner capacities in which I have

served, I stand first and foremost in Age, and, it will be admitted, in Activity, over the whole world. Being a very leader in Ambition, I marshalled Alaric and Alexander in all their victories, and was the inseparable attendant of Anthony, though I always came last in the train of Cleopatra. For worthy climax, I first introduced Assignments among merchants, a very sensible sort of instrument, in hard times, and am just now the *sine qua non*, the factotum of Almacks," [my heart misgave me—I cast my eyes about for a moment, to see what had become of this sad book ! By the light of the letters I saw it safe at my feet, face downward, on the floor. But I stirred not. I would not have broken the enchantment for a library. I was hearing a precious revelation !] " My shape," continued A, " was often the occasion of rude sayings among the ignorant, who likened me to tall raw boys who walked wide ; but I have the satisfaction of knowing that I first gave mathematicians the idea of a triangle ; and, straddler or not, there never would have been a solitary pair of dividers without me. It has sometimes been objected that I was a mere article ; but it has been admitted universally, since the art of printing, that I can boast as much influence as the inclined forces of T H & E, notwithstanding. [Here the little fellows all shrugged like a trio of Frenchmen—their withers were wrung.] My friend V quite the reverse of myself in character as well as person will vouch for me that I, as well as himself, have been allowed to have point, when brought in my legitimate proportions before the world.

— But, my friends, in our character of letters, we are suffering, in the hands of men, a species of martyrdom, through an ungodly practice among them, of typifying us in every heathenish and uncouth form imaginable. Indeed our Roman outlines are well nigh effaced by the intervention of these pestilent fellows. But I have occupied too much time already in my narrative. My neighbor B., you see, is swelling to begin his story." With these words, long-limbed A, flung back on the green cloth, and stretched himself out like a young Colossus, while his right hand man commenced his tale.

" I was always," said B, " portly, from a child. If my brother A lead us in Antiquity, I can only say in offset that there were very few before me in the Beginning : I was thrown into good company in my youth, and accompanied John Bunyan in his pilgrimage. No one, from first to last, could be Beautiful or Brave without me, and big and burly as I appear, I have been the leader of all Beaux, from those of the Ark to those of Broadway. I have seen enough of consequence and of the great world in all conscience ; having abode in Boston on Bunker-Hill Monument for these last 400 years, to speak within bounds. They say I am necessary to the making of this

same tower, which is longer in the building, by the way, than was that of Babel of which I speak knowingly, as I was head workman there—though I left the fools in the *midst* of it. I kept early company with the patient and the impatient—for I was first with Balaam and the last with Job; though, for that matter, it must be confessed, I was the origin of his Biles. I have been, 'tis true, distinguished in Bulls and Blunders, and the last one as it affected me, was in accompanying Bonaparte through his career, to St. Helena—but I went with Bertrand. I am now the fast friend of M. Brougham and the Blacks, taking the first stand for them both. This gives some color at least to my patriotism. I have sometimes been called the Bishop of the Alphabet, owing no doubt to my rotundity—and many have shaken their heads, and foretold my departure, from a combined dropsy of the chest and stomach. But I shall outlive ye all! The meddling musicians have treated me the worst, having for a long time denominated me B flat—a round piece of satire, sure enough! But this is against ocular demonstration. At present, I am indispensable in all matters of Business, Bargaining and Botheration; and, in the upshot, I may say that by actual measurement I have about me more of the line of beauty than any of my queer-shaped brethren." Here B. stroked down his respectable protuberances, and made way for C, who came next in order. Sitting all in a heap, he began:—

"My shape, my dear friends, is owing to a vile practice which I contracted in my youth, of trying to imitate a circle; but like a good many country ministers and bad poets, as I could not, at last, make both ends meet, I am what I am. I have been something of a traveller in my day. I went with Cæsar through all his Campaigns, and formed a 12th part of his Commentaries; was conspicuous in the Crusades, and came to this blessed country with Christopher Columbus. Lastly, to my shame be it spoken, I have become the leader of Craniologists. [Here there was a sort of general "Pshaw!" from all quarters.] My political importance has been something, as I have long been in close connection with Clay on this side the water, and with Canning, formerly, on the other. I am now at the head of the Constitution in spite of the Presidents, and always reside in the Capital. My figure has been oftentimes objected to—but it must be remembered that I first suggested the idea of the new moon—and moreover, for my own comfort I have a happy faculty of rocking myself to sleep upon the strength of my own globular configuration. I have been deemed an obstinate character because I always seem to have my back up—but my neighbor D, is a capital foil in that respect, as his developement is in an opposite direction." So saying the little fellow trundled away upon the tapis, as though he would never be done.

D, threw himself flat on his back, and commenced as follows:—
 “I never took the trouble, my dear fellows, to inquire into my antiquity; but I am sorry to say I have strong suspicions that I am as ancient as Beelzebub, for the first stand that I took, in any way, was in the service of the D—I! I afterwards reformed, however, and was a leading character with King David, and travelled with Daniel among the lions; but am now, in sober earnest, fain to preside over the Deaf and Dumb—those unfortunate creatures of whom Saladin said “the soul of speech is stricken with silence between the ivory walls of his palace.” As to my figure, it is well known amongst sensible people, that I was the first model of a rainbow. I have been somewhat laughed at, to be sure, as well as my brother B, for obesity; but it is evident I have the better of him, in being without that absurd contraction *in medias res*, which is the destruction of the line of beauty in his venerable figure. On account of some virtue which I never had the happiness to discover, I have long been considered the representative of 500, whether it be of men, monkeys, or what not—it is ever the same! [what would the celebrated Council of Greece have said to that, thought I,] “but this is matter for mathematicians to solve, or to settle, with these foolish Romans. Meantime, for me to take a sweep of 60 is a thing of no moment at all.” So saying he displayed, for a few minutes, to the infinite amusement of the assembly.

“I,” said E. “first found myself with Eve in Eden. Hard it was indeed to leave such beautiful company; but I was obliged to join the Enemy. As this world grew famous and fashionable, I took the lead in Etiquette, and became the first character in England, and of course Everywhere; while the Edinburgh acknowledged me first in letters. It is needless to say I have the hope of nothing hereafter to be proud of. Bitter things have been said of my figure. I have been called a thing that would turn short corners. But this is judging too much like the craniologist. Yet no one can deny that I am methodical, as I come of the family of the right angles. It should not be forgotten, also, that I am a capital fellow in manufacturing Echo. I have an over-reaching way it is true, but my brother T. bears me out in it, exceedingly well. The matter most pestilent to me is, my sometimes near conjunction with my brothers A, and O, in the unseemly shape of what is called a diphthong; a word, into the bargain, of most ungracious denomination. In all these cases I am thrown forcibly from my perpendicularity and am obliged to support life in a sort of inclined plane, that is far from agreeable.” [A, and O, here muttered something very contemptuously of this juxtaposition, inasmuch as the children of men, considered them as mere dead letters, and E, alone worthy of emphasis. This was sensible. I almost wished the publishers had been there.]

E, having nothing more to say, F took up the tale. "Good friends," said he, "I am cousin-german to my neighbor E. I flatter myself that the family resemblance can be traced in the length of our cervical vertebræ, and this prefix upon the sternum. I have no particular recollection where I first found myself; but remember that I came to be of importance in France, where, as well as every where else, I, to this day take the lead in Fashioh and Fancy. In Freemasonry I have the precedence, and of course am of notoriety in the Fudge family. My figure [for I see we are all so marvellously composed, that some account of our outward man is deemed necessary] my figure has been used *in terrorem* in many countries; and it naturally suggested the beautiful and ingenious idea of the gallows, since no Felon has there been, whom I have not accompanied to the gibbet, since the invention of capital punishments. I have always been at the head of the Flats;—and why psalm-singers should denominate me F. sharp, is a mystery far beyond my fathom. I am as upright and rectangular as Philadelphia, though from an unhappy propensity of throwing my head forward I have utterly lost my balance—and the urchin at school was right enough, who said I should be compelled to run forever after my centre of gravity." Here he finished, and was succeeded by G, a stout, apoplectic looking fellow, who delivered himself to the following purpose.

"I am distantly related to the family of the circles. My first recollection finds me in the service of Goliath, a heavy gentleman among the Philistines. I was undoubtedly chosen as one of his representations on account of my breadth of back, in which endowment I do not yield a whit to my brother C. Growing tired, however, of the exclusive company of Giants, and afterwards, happening in Great Britain, I led wicked Guy in the Gunpowder affair in that country. I have been too plethoric for much exercise, yet in modern times they have put me at the head of a Gymnasium. This leads me to think the matter all humbug. At present I am the acknowledged head of the Gay, Grand and Glorious. My figure is rather unfortunate to mould into an exquisite, and, compared with our friend C, my nether extremity looks sadly like the Gout to be sure; yet it passes for only a natural bluntness of the parts, and comports with the downrightness of my character. However, as most of us, like lazy students, sit more or less on our backs, and move but little withal, the configuration of these sad extremities, is hardly more than a thing of moonshine." So saying, he rolled backward in a state of delicious insensibility.

H, stood bold upright like a piece of frame work, while he gave an account of himself. Said he "I was cotemporary with Ham. I lived all his life with Homer, [this must settle the real existence of the bard, thought I,] but wishing to change poetry for power, I pass-

ed into the service of Hannibal, who was something of an amateur at blasting rocks with vinegar, and afterwards of Herod the Tetrarch and the wicked. Being a tall, square fellow, that turned out his feet, I readily found a place with Harry the 8th. But not to multiply words which I hate, for I am allowed to be but a single *breathing* among them, I came in time to be the leader of the *Haut ton* and conspicuous in all matters of Honor. As these two last are things that depend on the mere breath of this world no one will question the propriety of my station. As to my figure it has been said to resemble too nearly a tall ladder with a single round, to be eminently useful. I wont dispute about such light affairs, but I religiously believe that I can boast more superficial understanding than any two of this family of ours."

As no one seemed inclined to dispute this fact, I. next took up the thread of the discourse. He was a tall fellow, and stood upon one leg. "I first lived," said he, "with Innocence in the garden. It can hardly be credited, that after this I became the origin of all Ill, and patronized by my presence the Idle and Ignorant every where I joined myself in the old time to the Ishmaelites, and first introduced Idolatry. Quite a change, upon the whole, it must be confessed!—I have ever been the greatest and most perfect of all things created or that can possibly be created. There is nothing—nothing under the moon, with reverence be it spoken, like I! I have always stood the indispensable representative of No. 1. I am the most unsocial of all creatures. I allow no one to be equal to me, and if I speak, I cannot possibly utter a syllable of any body but myself. I am the essence of all egotism, and, in short, there is not an Iota of the universe of which I do not compose a part. I have been called the anatomy—the mere post of our fraternity. True it is, I am thus thoughtful and solitary in my appearance, and I have been used to go and stand alone from my youth. As to my importance among the children of men, I flatter myself that I am the original of all light-houses and monumental pillars. With this I am content." As he uttered these last words I thought the impudent rogue leered rather saucily towards Bunker Hill and some of its appurtenances, as though he was taller than the whole of them!

J. had but little to say for himself, and utterly refused to reveal any thing of his history, save that he was formerly the leader of the French Jacobins, as he was of all such cattle now-a-days. He thought honesty was a poor commodity, on the whole; for he said, that though he had always been at the very head of the Just, he had never been able to keep out of Jail. "At present," said he "I am the captain-general of all Junto-men, and stand foremost for General Jackson, as I did once for Jehu of old. [Here there was loud applause—and something like a squib was let off.] I am the maker of all Jokes,

and somewhat club-footed, as you see, which might naturally be expected from the ungodly service I have latterly been in. In figure I once resembled neighbor I. very decidedly ;—but—I took a turn in my youth, and here I am.”

K. who came next, a broad-chested fellow, with a waist like a grey-hound—said that he was the last in the ARK ; since that, as long as he could remember, he had been in the service of Kings and Knaves. But his life, forsooth, afforded little variety, as his friend C. had done nearly all his business for him—so little had he been in demand, *in propria*. As he was indispensable in all Knock-down matters, it would account, however, for his having acquired such a boxing attitude.—This was perfectly satisfactory.

L. merely observed, that he had been an upright, right-angular, innocent character from his minority. As evidence of the first quality he had accompanied Lafayette thus far on his journey, and was moreover a leader in Lottery business. He had been called an inconsistent fellow, “ for,” said he, “ I have always been at the head of the Law, while it is equally true that I have given myself wholly to Love and the Ladies. My foot is out of Chinese proportion, forsooth—but then the astronomers have made me a good yard long in the heavens, and I am fain to believe that I am the only one of the company that has suffered an apotheosis.” This was a comforter !

M. said that he had no disposition to dispute with his brother A—but it must be admitted that he was coeval with Man. He had lived some hundreds of years with Methuselah, and from his figure it was evident to the most superficial observer that he had been used to the ups and downs of life. He had always been foremost in Murders, Marriages and Money-matters. Becoming somewhat profane in early times he attached himself to Mahomet for a season—and after that it was no wonder that he became the head of the Materialists. “ But after all,” said he, “ there is no Morality without me—and I take lead in Might and Mind. In my youth, though from my figure I was supposed to be something of a flat, it was still admitted that I had a good foundation to build upon. Odd as my shape is, moreover, it may be remarked that I was instrumental in introducing the Virginia fence—a matter that makes me sufficiently immortal for all common purposes.” Thus saying, he subsided—and N., a slab-sided, nervous-looking fellow, next lifted up his voice as follows. “ I first saw light with Noah. Afterwards, having made divers excursions with Nimrod, I finally came to preside over the land of Nod—since which time it may naturally be inferred that I took the lead in Nothing. But far from that—on the contrary, there is nothing in Name or Nature, before me. I am at the head of all Nobility, Nonsense and Natural fools. I am esteemed first in the service of the North-American, as I once was in that of Napoleon, who was a great *reviewer* in his day ;

and to crown my notoriety I am perfectly acquainted with the source of the Nile. My shape need be no matter of wonderment, when it is known that I am of the original stock of the acute-angles."

It now became O's turn to expound. He was a queer fellow of no particular shape, but as fat as a burgomaster. After propping himself to keep him from rolling, he told the company in a wheezing voice that he was of the ancient family of the spheres, and was low at the season of full moon. "In my youth it was naturally predicted of me that I should never be sharp at any thing ; and so it seems to have proved. I first served in the vanguard of Og, king of Bashan, and afterwards in partnership with my friend E. marshalled Oedipus the parricide in all his expeditions. But E. takes the glory—I am never so much as mentioned ! Being compelled into many Outrages, I grew sick of men, and led about Ourang-Outangs, till better times. I subsequently originated all the Orders in council : hence, in the estimation of Christians as well as mathematicians, I have ever been admitted to be good—for *nothing* ! Like some nice lawyers, I represent the refined essence of nonentity. At present I am at the head of Odd fellows, Old maids, and the Opposition, and am, withal, a capital creature at exclamation ! My figure, [for though I cut none myself, yet, placed at the side of others, I affect them in the ratio of ten per cent.]—my figure has been the means of essentially facilitating communication between man and man—for it first suggested the notion of balloons and cannon balls. But then, pardon of our fraternity, I must do no more than take my turn—for I have a round-about way of expressing myself, and am apt to reason in a circle ; and the chace is that no one knows where I begin or where I break off."

As the sturdy little speaker ceased from his labors, P. commenced in manner and form following. "I am half brother of B. above there, as my likeness will sufficiently declare. I found myself in early life a chief among the Pagans, and was the first character employed in constructing the Pyramids. Then I passed into Palestine, with Peter the Hermit. I have been in many desirable places—such as Palaces and Prisons—associated much with the wise—such as Plato and the last Prince of Wales, and with a kind of ambiguity lived at the same time both in Public and in Private. I am now at the head of the Post-office and the Presidency—[here J. scowled portentously,] but as, after all, I am next to nothing, here, [this set all the alphabet in a laugh at poor O.,] the less I say the better."

Next, Q. a queer fellow enough—and a sizeable, came forward and gave the following account of himself. "I am a lineal descendant of the Tadpoles. For this my figure vouches to the full. Others have said I was an illegitimate son of master O. who sits there in a heap—aloud be it spoken, as I understand we are all and each upon

the confessional. But " whence my tail ?" has ever been a staggering question at such unlettered scandalizers. For my own part, I recollect what Seneca or somebody says—*est nodus in rebus*—which as it originally referred to my appendage, no doubt, leaves me without any obfuscation whatever, on that subject. Yet I have been the herald of Queens, a leader among the Quakers, and first and foremost in Quips and Quiddities from my youth upward. I resided of old in Quiet with Quintilian, and for change accompanied Don Quixote on his tour, and led him in all his adventures. I have been the beginning of a good many Quarrels, and am the making of all Quacks. I am something of an odd one to be sure in the family of the circles ; and as for the good I have done, I can only say that I first introduced Quiltings and Queues."

So saying he flourished his remnant amongst the company at a high rate, while R. delivered himself as follows. "I was born in the Red sea—but not relishing so moist a life, and, to get essentially dry, I led the Rev. Mr. Rogers to the stake—a burning shame indeed ;—yet in all my doings I am ever in the Right ; and though I am principal in all cases of Revenge that are capital, yet I am always first in Repentance. Once I was willing to take lead among Ruffians, Rogues and Rascals, and rejoiced to head a Revolution—or a Reform ! But now, I give myself wholly to Roads and Railways ; and, to recommend me to engineers, I can truly say that I possess the power of leading every River by the nose. To crown my usefulness, I am chief in the department of Rhyming and Rigmarole. My figure has oftentimes been some reproach to me among those who don't understand the turn of my ankle—but as I stand at the head of the Regulars, all such objurgation is childish.

R. had hardly ceased, when straight a low hissing sound ensued, and after much twisting and turning, S. sibilated his little story as follows. "I descend, not in a straight line, for that is impossible, from the insinuating family of the Serpents.—As might be expected, I first found myself marshalling Satan through Eden. But my abode with him was not exclusive, he was so hot and profane ! and I passed into the service of Sampson, and was the leading cause of all the stout gentleman's wonderful Strength. I was also in Sodom at the burning, and of course have had much to do in the composition of Sulphur. It was said in my youth that I should always be a crooked stick, and so although I stood high in Society, I soon found myself at the head of Sectarians, Sabbath breakers, Stealers and Stock-jobbers. Strange as it may seem, I afterwards became chief and first of the Serious and Sorrowful, and was actually employed in writing Sermons and Sad Songs. Subsequently I fell off—being called on to help make Slander, Senators, Steamboats, and such cattle. This naturally brought me into a desperate state, and I forthwith joined me

unto Capt. Symmes who was eminently delighted with such a twistical, investigating fellow, as my shape seemed to declare me. I told him I had been many a time both in Sea and Stars, and could therefore find no difficulty in getting into the South pole. Finally, to keep you all respectful, I can say that I was very intimate with master Shakspeare, and am absolutely necessary to uphold the name and Success of Sir Walter Scott and—the Sea-Serpent. My figure has indeed subjected me to the charge of “a slippery genius”—I was but a kind of moral eel!—the mere snake of the brotherhood!—But then I go with the Sun, and who can be more regular!”

Thus ended S., and T., a tall fellow, with short arms, next got up in a blustering way and swore at once that he was at the head of all Things—that he was born with Time—helped make the Twelve Tables, and was about the first to introduce Tythingmen and the Tooth ache; two very sensible and pungent matters. “I am now,” said he, “at the head of Trade. I helped on the Tariff all in my power—and to pass from grave to lighter things, I have formed a fourth part of Toys of all kinds from time immemorial, and to that effect am now employed in constructing the Thames Tunnel. I attend the Theatre on all occasions; and in the great drama of life am ever found at the head of Treason. I am the first of Travellers, and help make Total eclipses.—As to my figure, we’ll let that pass. I am marvellous broad to be sure—but I represent the shoulders of more than half the fraternity.”

U. next called the attention of the company. “I am,” said he, “the last of the vowels, in the legitimate line—and belong, you will allow, to a very shrewd and laborious family, without whose assistance you all make sad work in most of your combinations. I first dwelt in Uz—afterwards in a kind of needless conjunction with my brother E., I helped bring Europe into notice. I am now foremost in the United States—am absolutely necessary to preserve the Union—and, without me, in all its elections, no vote can be Unanimous. As to voice, you will perceive, I am capital in Undertones. I am at the head of all Undertakings, good or bad, and take the lead in Unitarianism. My situation in this last respect, of course, very enviable, I am accordingly assailed on all sides by some of the orthodox vowels—especially I—an important character, who, if there be any difficulty or evil in matters of religion or faith, is singularly apt to charge it all upon U.! So much for the godly virtue of charity. As to figure, it is quite provoking that I am always obliged to appear in Undress; but then I boast somewhat of the line of beauty, and am content to undulate through life as well as I can.”

V. a contracted looking fellow about his extremities, said that he first found himself in the service of Vice, a doubtful personage of ancient days, whose origin he would not pretend to declare. In early

times he was the leader of the Vandals and Visigoths—and naturally held first rank among all Vagabonds. Having latterly introduced Vaccination and the Vapors, it was pardonable that he should be chief of the Vain. He was originally as upright and as gracefully round as his neighbor U., but, in his youth having been in many deeds of Violence his nether parts had become intimate, even to amalgamation. Nevertheless, his figure declared him to be admirable in coming to a point—and as for the utility he had been in mechanics or the military, he would merely say that he first suggested the astonishing ideas of the inclined plane, and the tunnel, and above all, the disposition, of any given army in the form of a wedge—a melancholy contrivance, no doubt, but still an excellent thing in the hands of driving characters.

W. said he was a poor thing at best—having first found himself in a Wilderness, with Wretchedness and Woe. Yet Wealth has acknowledged his presence indispensable, as well as Want—the Wicked as well as the Worthy, the Witling as well as the Wise. In short, for such an up and down fellow as he appeared to be, he was a complete riddle—as good as a conundrum. “In my youth,” said he, “I found myself at the head of many Wonders, and among others, a Wife. Being the first in Weight wherever I went, I naturally panted for fame, and sought it at Waterloo with Wellington—and afterwards at the head of a Woollen-factory. At present I am content with the immortality of residing perpetually in Washington. [Here the whole alphabet groaned aloud!] I am indispensable, equally to bring about Wars, Witchcraft, Weddings, and all such desperate doings. I first introduced Wigs and Water-Works—and to crown my notoriety, though it is no matter of glorification, or proof of orthodoxy, I am allowed to be the first character in Wall-street. My figure is not straight—and reason good—for from a single glance at it, it is evident, that, in sailors’ phrase, I am constrained to beat through life—which is a trying affair.”

X. stood in a corner, with his legs athwart, and gave but a short account of himself. Where he came from, he had never found out. If he recollects aright, he was first in the service of Xantippe, a body of some vinegar in the ancient time; hence he had necessarily acquired in his youth the reputation of a cross-grained fellow. He was a chief with Xerxes, a foolish, water-flogging character of old; but, to retrieve himself, he passed over to Xenophon, and made a conspicuous figure in the retreat of the X,000. It was evident that he was naturally calculated to take the lead in every thing Xcellent and Xtraordinary; but then his friend E., a meddlesome fellow at best, always interferred to prevent him. His figure could declare him admirable at cross-purposes, and therewith he was content. He would merely mention, to wind up, that as he was easily converted,

outwardly, at least, he was wonderfully popular with the Roman Catholics.

Y. said that from the earliest time, he was so promising a wight that he was ever at the head of the Youth, wherever he went. "In late years," said he, "I accompanied Ypsilanti in Greece—and at present am in glory complete—being a leader of the Yankees, and comfortably lodged in the centre of New-York.—In morals I am something of a retrospective character—for, look for me when you will, you will always find me with Yesterday. Some say I am of the stock of the vowels—while others declare I am a legitimate V. with the simple addition of a tail;—in short, as the gowndsmen have it, that I am a sort of a *tenant in tail special* in that venerable family. Meanwhile my fame is, that my figure first engendered the idea of the 47th Proposition of Euclid. This was a geometrical consolation, which admitted of no denial.

Z., a fellow of some angles, who sat near the bottom of the company, gave the following account of himself. "I am the last of the letters. If I mistake not, my first appearance was in the ancient city of Zoar—in the warm latitudes. For a change, I transferred myself to the middle of Nova-Zembla, and abode successively in each of the Zones. I have been foremost of all things in Zeal—for, with a speed that has astonished Mr. Symmes, I have led the Zephyrs themselves—been before the sun in the Zodiack, and the first in the Zenith on all occasions. After this confession it is needless to say that I have always led a zig-zag sort of a life. My figure shows that I have some good points about me; and it is generally known, as might be expected, that I first took out the patent for chain-lightning."

Meanwhile AND,* a demure little personage enough, who had all the while lain in a corner with his tail over his shoulder, began to unbend; and hoped, though he was but a kind of illegitimate amongst so large an assembly, that he might yet be permitted by the Honorable company to observe, that he was peculiarly unhappy in the connection he had so long sustained with a young c. whom they might observe continually at his heels. He made bold to say that he conceived the creature of no use at all in the alphabet. This matter was put to vote by A. who acted as moderator—but not carried in favor of the complainant; so he merely turned to the poor petitioner, and consoled him as follows.—"Your connections are certainly greater than those of any of us. Your fame and usefulness are in all languages. What can you want more! Live on—and be a conjunction."

These words were scarcely uttered, when there was a great rattling at the door! On the alarm there was a sudden electric snapping

*The identical Ampersand of the schools.

among them ; and I could see the little camp breaking up on all sides, and the whole company of capitals, scampering, huddling and headlong from the centre, and disappearing up the shelves among the octavos, just as the master of the establishment entered.

I found it was morning, and myself standing in the midst of the floor.

My friend was considerably startled. I approached—and taking his hand, it was all explained in a moment.

“ But,” said I, “ my dear Sir, I am concerned for you—leave this business—leave it by all means—you are dealing in art magic. Faust was no fool—and I am sadly superstitious just now—about these things. I know some matters more than all booksellers, or bank dealers are aware of. Meanwhile allow me to make the best of my way into the street”—and with these words I hurried out, and went home in a very musing and melancholy condition.

“ What,” thought I, as I passed along—and I have thought of it a thousand times since—“ what a thing it is, indeed to be a Man of Letters !”

SILENCE.

How still the moonlight on the river sleeps !
When nature's year of loveliness is fading ;
And every wild flower in its green isle weeps,
To see young autumn's wing its beauty shading.

How beautiful is evening ! when the dew
Is melting in the leaves, and the far sky
Looks lovelier, as the twilight's misty blue,
Leads thoughtful Silence with her pensive eye.

Look on that sinless clime, yon Heaven ! and see
How calm it is ! no sound—and yet, 'twould seem,
'Twere music's self—so sad the harmony,
In its mysterious silence—like a dream !

My feelings—thoughts—grow purer, when I gaze,
Where all is purity—a sad delight :
Like dreaming o'er again, my boyhood's days,
Feeling that time is busy on his flight.

'Tis like the spirit's silence—when the mind,
Is soaring to that happy world, afar,
Where thought grows dizzy, wand'ring unconfin'd,
As twilight's angel lights the Vesper star.

Silence is Sorrow's comforter!—'tis free,
To swell its deep toned fountains, and to weep,
In one fond gush its feelings. 'Tis the sea,
Affliction loves to sail on—quiet—deep.

'Tis Solitude's dear friend! and loves to dwell,
Where all is silent save the forest bird;
Seeking the loveliest spot in wood or dell,
Mid nature's wild romance, unseen—unheard.

As the still sea alone reflects the blue,
Of the sweet sky, so unto grief is giv'n,
A calmer and a holier influence too,
When silence points through sorrows unto Heaven.

H. S.

DR. BEECHER.

PERHAPS there was never a bolder contrast in subjects for the pencil, than the original of the sketch in our last number, and the gentleman whose name we have written above. A reverse of the picture of the one would be a likeness of the other. We shall not attempt to contrast them as it would be partly a repetition of our former picture, but simply sketch the manner of Dr. B. and leave the comparison to be made by the reader.

Dr. Beecher has not at all the look of his profession. His stature is small, his frame sturdy and compact, and his gait always business-like and rapid. He has very little of the scholar in his face at any time, and looks weather-worn and tanned, like a man of out-of-doors occupations. His features are rigid and stern without harshness. His forehead is strongly marked, but low, and his head rises from it at a slight receding angle into a conical elevation of remarkable capacity and breadth. His eyes are sharp and vivacious, but free from all expression of cunning, and his mouth, slightly cut and nervous, expresses a degree of energy, which, if it were not for the superiority of the rest of his face, would verge closely upon dogmatism. His iron-gray hair is stiff and unmanageable, and worn closely cut like the Covenanters, though a peculiar habit he has of forcing it back from his forehead and temples, destroys the look of meekness described as belonging to those persecuted fanatics. On the whole, his countenance is hard, but it is neither forbidding nor severe, and while it wants the winning grace of expression which is stamped upon gentler natures, it is, at the same time, free from all traces of craft, and has nothing in its strong lines which his worst enemy could interpret into worldliness or sensuality.

It is difficult to describe Dr. Beecher's manner in the pulpit. Not because it is unmarked with peculiarities, but because he leaves you no opportunity to observe them. He surprises you out of your self-possession with his first sentence. The previous services have not at all prepared you. He has read the hymns with a disagreeable voice and a dull sing-song monotony ; and he has made the introductory prayer with a quaintness and a blunt familiarity, to your unused ear almost irreverent. The organ ceases, and you fold your arms with a feeling of settled endurance. You are already disappointed, and have made up your mind that he is only a popular fanatic and has been greatly overrated. He rises, and lifting his spectacles from his eyes, leans forward, and, in a quiet, unpretending tone, makes the simplest remark of which language is capable. Ten to one he strikes your very thought, and you are thrown off your guard at once. You were prepared for a sermon ; but instead of preaching to you, he has taken up your own thread of reflection, and carried it on so naturally that you forget it is not yourself. You expected arguments to resist, passion to set aside, rant to allow for —but he brings no arguments till you have anticipated them in your own mind, no passion till you feel it glowing in your own cheek, no enthusiasm till you hang upon his lips waiting for it with impatient desire. By the time he is half through, you are wholly disarmed, and prepared to be for the time, moulded at his will. You have forgotten the man, forgotten your prejudices, and without the least guardedness or reserve, you are absorbed in the interest of his theme. He gradually warms, throws off his familiar manner, abandons his notes, and hurries on with a rapid and passionate eloquence which bears down everything before it. It is not mere declamation. He still reasons closely and logically, but it is with a crowd of illustration, a rude and graphic truth, and occasionally a rich and daring poetry of language, which, to the excited and overwhelmed mind of the hearer, is as irresistible as a tornado. His figures come to him like revelation. It is like the rushing out of apparitions from the wind. When your own mind is fatigued with anticipation, and your fancy exhausted and distanced by his exuberance, he still multiplies metaphor upon metaphor, each bolder and apter than the last, till it seems to you as if everything in nature attested the truth of his position. All this time, if you went with a design of noting his peculiarities, you have forgotten your object, and the preacher has gained his. Your mind is engrossed with his subject, and you leave the house impressed and thoughtful.

Dr. Beecher is no rhetorician. Nature has evidently been his only master in eloquence. The order of his subject is logical, because it is the character of his mind, and the logician's rules are based upon nature ; but beyond the simple arrangement of his topics, he is

guided wholly by impulse. His illustrations particularly have all the startling freshness of improvisation. The dignity of his theme seems to lift him into the region of Poetry unaware, and he gathers the rich material about him and weaves it into language, apparently with a total unconsciousness of its splendor. His gestures violate every precept of the schools. They are angular and awkward in the highest degree; but we doubt if the grace of Everett was ever half so expressive. They are not, as in common oratory, mere vents of excitement. It is not the common action of enthusiasm upon drilled muscles, producing, whatever the sentiment, the same succession of movements. He suits in a manner never dreamed of by Hamlet, "the action to the word." If you did not hear a syllable, you would know by his gesture the character of his remark. It is an art of his own, adding to the stores of eloquence, with a fruitfulness of device beyond the sea-side practice of Demosthenes, the training of the limbs to language—the graphic pantomime of the deaf and dumb to the common medium of articulation.

The two great characteristics of Dr. Beecher's mind—two that are not often found in any striking degree together—are, if we have not mistaken his character, a fearless and confident strength united with a most shrewd and plausible acuteness. No one can doubt the power of his eloquence, and the rank he holds as the most eminent orthodox divine of controversial New England is a sufficient evidence of his soundness and the resolute zeal of his duties. At the same time it is evident to any person who has looked narrowly into his writings or listened critically to his arguments in the desk, that he has one of those "sharp and slender heads made to creep into crevices." With all the frank openness of his manner, he is master of every subtlety of the schools, and knows and practices like an adept the windings of labyrinthine sophism. In him, these weapons are particularly effective, for the bold intrepidity of his manner and language would never have led the hearer to suspect them. In those extremes, therefore, to which Genius is ever liable, and from which, of course, he *may* not be, and (in our humble opinion, though we believe him right in the main) *is* not exempt, he is likelier than any other man we know to give excess the color of reason, and attach a character of fanaticism and extravagance to the elevated principles of his sect. His, it is true, are not the vulgar extravagances of Barebone and his brethren. No one can deny to Dr. Beecher the credit of a rational liberality upon all points of personal religion. He has no *cant*, however the enemies of his sect may have fastened the name upon him. But it can as little be denied that on doctrinal grounds, (if we may be permitted to express an opinion sanctioned by better judgments than our own,) his strong mind has overshot itself. Like the champions of every sect since the world began, the

momentum of his own genius has forced him into extremes, but for ourselves, we confess that we more look upon the fault as a trace of his genius than with any disposition to condemn, far less, with the despicable malice of controversy, to scorn or deride it.

PROPERTY OF WOMEN.—NO. II.

"I am not of the opinion of those gentlemen who are against disturbing the public repose, I like a clamor whenever there is an abuse. The fire-bell at midnight, disturbs your sleep, but it keeps you from being burned in your bed."—BURKE.

Should any law, by its casual operations, take wrongfully from a young man, skilled in some lucrative employment, healthy, athletic, and not tenderly nurtured, his all, adjudging him to beggary and famine, the hearts of all good men, temporary as these evils must be to such an individual, would rise into a tumult; yet from long habit, the operation of that law excites no concern, by which so many persons, women, mothers, have passed from plenty and warmth, a pleasant house, elegant furniture, ready service, and whatever is desirable in personal accommodation familiar from birth, to penury, hopeless dependance, hard labour, rude furniture, coarse apparel, mean food, and the ill-supplied fire of pinching economy. Wonderful power of custom, that deadens sympathy with objects, which naturally stir the deepest fountains of tenderness in the heart of man, injured woman and feeble childhood! Wonderful power of gold, that has so hardened the heart both against the softness of love, and the stern behests of justice! Justice, powerful by its access to the consciences of men, that exact avenger, who, if a man injures another to the value of a straw, whips the offender with a straw, and if he takes a life, makes his own irksome.

With the exception of the sex, it is the high praise of the law to defend the weak against the strong, the humble against the powerful. Here rests the veneration it inspires, and, strange effect of association! a law, neither fair nor merciful, is revered, because law, in general, enforces justice and humanity; the law that dispossesses a woman of her inheritance escapes its deserved stigma, because another law protects the smallest rights of the fisherman and shepherd; the law that plunders a Lady Russel is held in honor, because another law shields the property of a felon.

A bad law, aside from its direct operation, is so pernicious to the morals of a community, that there can be no brighter act of patriotism, or virtue, than to overthrow it. In this case the complaining tongue has been long heard "how blessed the amending hand!" What

numbers are there, who cannot think of right and wrong, but through the medium of the law! An unjust law appended to the grand, venerable system of jurisprudence, thus sharing in the unsuspecting awe inspired by the great whole, is not dissimilar in its effects to a corruption of holy writ, which should blot its divine pages with an iminoral principle. Its evil consequences are more general, hundreds being influenced in their morals by a law so often called into pernicious action as that under consideration, to one, guided by revelation. That great and universal teacher, the law, ought to be pure.

This usage, which so often makes the husband, but the near harbinger of the sheriff, established before the savage blood of our European ancestors had got refined, perhaps in those times of easy morality when the king made "swete Wyllyam of Cloudesle, a gentleman," Adam Bell, and Clym of the Clough,

"So perelous outlawes as they were,"

"Yemen of his chambre," and when the "quene" appointed Wyllyam's wife Alice,

"her chefe gentlewoman
To govern her nurserye."

This law of a distant age and country, too uneven in its dealings to be endured, nugatory to the informed, who always shake off its yoke, is now but a snare for the unwary. The case is, as if the knowledge of vaccination being confined to a few enlightened persons, they should place their own families in security, by the silent adoption of it, and hard of heart while the small-pox was abroad, leave their uninformed, simple neighbors to die in heaps around them.

It is universally acknowledged, that the laws are unjust to women, with respect to those points in which they are most deeply interested, but they are acquiesced in, by many good people, on the ground that restraints exist which counteract the licence given to husbands by the law; not that the law is good, but that men are so good, bad laws are rendered void. Men would be loved by their wives, a man will not squander the dowry of his wife, nor restrict the wealthy heiress he marries to a bare maintenance, (all the law requires of him, in exchange for her whole property,) because loving her, he wishes to see her pleased, and because, even if he disliked her, he fears the criticisms of the neighbors. It is clear what women should aim at, by way of cultivating and confirming these restraining principles; dear to women and slaves are the gifts of the lovely goddess,

"Soft moving speech and pleasing outward show."

As for those who want the graces, wives unbeloved, let them keep their husbands well under the inspection of the neighbors. Blessed,

thrice blessed, fleeting though they are, the gifts of these weaker vessels, their insinuations and charms, that occasionally paralyse the filching law, and procure from the enchanted husband, the justice denied by the law-giver. Even in the sternest times of old, the hand of flesh, usually, we doubt not, in the sweet precincts of home, dropt off the iron gauntlet, worn in the assemblies of men; the lady disarmed her knight. But though we know the kindness or indolence of human nature often counteracts ill laws and institutions, that it is only a bad, or unthinking man, who takes advantage of an iniquitous law, that a man does not always restrain a wife in the use of the property she brought him, nor always spend it, any more than it is the constant employment, as some enthusiasts would make us believe, of the driver on a plantation to beat slaves, yet these uncertainties make an anxious life. Who does not remember the admirable answer of Alexander, who expressing a desire to ameliorate the condition of the Russian peasants, and being assured by Mad. de Stael, that his character was a constitution to his people, and his conscience a guarantee of it, said that, if it were so, he was only a fortunate accident? The law, in this country of boasted justice, by taking away the property of women, makes them dependant like the Russian serfs, on the most uncertain of all contingencies, that of character. We see daily by the operation of this blind law,

“Gold given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil.”

One of the great Scotch philosophers, touched with the charms of the sex, but a bachelor, and therefore ignorant of the instability of female influence, forms his notions of the law accordingly, and represents it, as supposing the cement of friendship so strong between married persons, as to abolish all division of possessions: this we see to be the condition of a few pairs, but it is in defiance of the law, which so far from giving the wife free access to her husband's purse, closes upon her, her own. We are of opinion, however, that a community of goods does not tend to happiness among any individuals. We think, with one of the wisest teachers of domestic ethics, that exactness with regard to property, far from being unnecessary, among friends and relations is essential to the continuance of entire confidence and satisfaction among the members of a family.

Suppose the purse transferred to the husband, to continue ever full and ever open, it has lost the charm adhering to what we call our own, that which constitutes almost the first agreeable impression we receive, and the last that leaves us; witness the close grasp of the tender infantile hand, the retentive hold of the failing fingers of decrepitude; that spell which veils in beauty what to other eyes shows only deformity, under which,

“The shudd'ring tenant of the frozen zone
Boldly proclaims the happiest spot his own,”

which, in defiance of the most terrible of earthly catastrophes, detains at the foot of a volcano the proprietor of a single petty field. Who has not seen in others, and felt in himself the regard, which cleaves to any possession with a zeal for its preservation and improvement, which justifies the assertion of the philosopher, that property is the most interesting of all relations? It is this charm, by which our own houses, clothes, and furniture excel all others; this, which adds attraction to the workmanship, even of the most famous artist. What belonged to those dear to us, and is now our own, derives from these circumstances a great increase of value. Women share alike in the feeling; from Cleopatra, to the

“ maid that milks
And does the meanest chores.”

We see the “pride in having, and the fear to lose.” One well known trait of human nature shows the regard for riches possessed. A person who comes into possession of property, finds himself by no means so much disposed to spend, as he previously thought others ought to be of the same estate. In this principle, weakness, indolence, generosity, ambition, pride, all agree with avarice. It is not only the lure of the pirate, but strange fact, and strangest illustration of the price set on commodious gold, it tempts the bridegroom to violate, as to the bride, the golden rule obligatory towards an enemy; my wife is another self, says the defendant, but such an act as the seizure of a wife’s purse, would be deemed most unfatherly towards a son. A lover distrusts the mistress, who does not abandon to him her property, without considering what inference she may draw from a claim, which, if not made familiar by long usage, would shock the ideas of both parties. Any demur at his unreasonable expectations, and he feels as if his integrity or discretion were called in question. If the lady keep her own, he in his thinking sustains an injury; simply confirming things as they are, he calls taking precautions, which imply an insulting apprehension of danger. In the confusion of his ideas, brought about by this ancient rule of the common law, he views the withholding from him what that gives him, a robbery, or at least odious meanness and ill nature. Professing to love his mistress, he believes that his affection and virtues render him the fittest possessor of her stores. Yet to himself, the chance or the fear of having his estate wrested from him, would be the most bitter species of despotism.

The extent of the renunciation, required of the wife by law, is so little apprehended by the sex, that those who come the nearest to it in their conceptions, consider their property only as confided to an intelligent friend. At most the husband appears to the wife as a trustee, without a surety indeed, but worthy of all confidence, and

doubtless the husband, in that transient fit, in which Antony "kissed away kingdoms and provinces," takes the same view of the subject, and regards the property fallen into his hands with all the delicacy of an agent; the notions of the wife and the bystander remain unperverted; not so those of the new possessor. It is well known, that even a loan of long continuance seems to the borrower, like a possession, and the act of reclaiming it is often regarded as a piece of extortion. How transient, usually, in married life, are the scruples of the bridegroom! The wife advances in age, gradually parting with the youthful enthusiasm that gave all, and regretting the unlimited devotion, which she often finds misplaced; the husband grows on his part less nice, both from habitual use of the property acquired, and the cooling of affection produced by a sense of security.

How little familiar to the public mind is this usage, though constantly aggrieving multitudes, we learn by the want of conformity, in the prevailing style of speech, to the language of law. We hear the phrase, Mr. Such-an-one's carriage, or Mrs. Such-an-one's carriage, according as the power to keep it is derived from the husband or the wife. Of James Otis, his biographer says, that, amidst all the diminution of income, and embarrassment of his private affairs, from neglecting his own concerns to take of those of the public, he sacredly preserved the fortune he received with his wife. A remark of a certain critic on the conduct of Lord Byron, shows the natural sentiments running counter to the law. Wonder is expressed at his feeling no hesitation in regarding his legal title to the fortune he inherited as the husband of his wife, as giving him a moral right to its possession. Some of the improved moderns appear to have surmounted the temptation that our predatory ancestors found irresistible, and consider that a mere deposit which they clutched as an absolute possession.

There are men, possessed of shining virtues, fine accomplishments, winning manners, and, that happiest of social qualities, good nature; in truth, endowed with everything desirable but prudence; men, whose only error, to prefer ease to plenty, renders them, notwithstanding, the worst of husbands. Repeal this law, and such men, where the wife has a sufficiency, would be among the select. While it exists, let no wealthy father venture his daughter, trained, like Jenny Bickerstaff, just to dress well and be good humored, into the hands of such. How will she, whose sole rule of expense has been only to avoid waste, bear to be abridged of daily comforts? Ill prepared is she, for that accurate and ingenious expenditure, which a reduced and doubtful income requires, tolerable to those who are accustomed early to spend as little as possible, and who, from long habit, endure cheerfully uncertainty about that little, but a trial of temper and capacity that will commonly trespass the powers

of the heiress ; and yet nothing would be wanting to ensure high domestic felicity in such a connexion, but that the wife should retain her property. For how many sorts of husbands would this be for the best ! Let those who know life say.

Did women keep their property, especially where the chief dependance is on the wife's fortune, it would tend to those distinct conceptions of the state of affairs so necessary to ease of mind. In such a case, the pecuniary condition of a man, if ever so tolerable, is an unwelcome topic often between the husband and wife, because her unacquaintedness with business creates fear and suspicion ; yet ignorance of the state of things often produces, and always aggravates anxiety. Whatever frankness the husband is disposed to show, it is only where the wife retains her property that she possesses any facility in comprehending the pecuniary concerns.

That department of domestic expenditure which the wife superintends admits of great variation in liberality ; the wardrobe of herself and children may be more or less costly, and the table more or less generous ; her domestic establishment may be larger or smaller, more or less expensive. A woman is often, on all these points, subject to tormenting hesitation. Frequently not knowing what to depend upon, she is profuse or saving, as her hopes or fears prevail. Here the wife who brings a portion is often kept peculiarly in the dark. Her husband, if the emptied purse does not produce the sums called for, is tempted to borrow privately, rather than disclose the truth ; while she, like all who have been accustomed to freedom from dependance, is peculiarly galled by a debt, and would rather endure almost any privation. It is cruel not to give her her choice.

The noblest and highest species of usefulness, commonly the germ of every other, is that, which, if no obstacle impede, attends the maternal relation. The niceness of female tact, with respect to the more delicate, as well as the obvious features of character, the wakeful perception, and deep tenderness of woman, impart to her superior excellence in the most important parental office, that of forming the character of children. What a bitter evil, that an absorbing anxiety about such a pecuniary provision, as habit has rendered necessary to the comfort of her family, made uncertain by being taken out of her hands, should substitute, for the invaluable powers of the mother, taciturn, inactive despondency—thus making null endowments, truly the best among the divine gifts. Beside the neglect children experience from a melancholy mother, at the tender age when the habits are forming, subject, as they are, to sympathetic movements of feeling, they often catch, for life, the tone of her spirits. Who does not remember Margaret,

" Whose infant babe
Had from its mother caught the trick of grief,
And sighed among its playthings."

In legislating for women, good men should watch, with jealousy, that feeling of superiority which tempts to injustice ; that unchecked power, which has ever been abused. Of rare virtues, even-handed justice to inferiors is the rarest. Contempt prevents rectitude, even more than envy. The bitterly hated rival has a ten times greater chance of justice than the slave. Fear of retaliation wonderfully quickens the natural sense of right.

But, in this age, the sex are rising to new consideration. The avidity of men is opposed by nobler and warmer sentiments than the women of old could inspire. No poet of the present day, would, like Pope, in his character of Wharton, set the approbation of women in opposition to that of the wise.

" Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise,
Born with whate'er can win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies."

The increased respect, both for women and morals, affords some chance of an improvement in the law. Men are beginning to be swayed by arguments beside those addressed to selfishness. Fixed to its station, as is the usage of which we have been complaining, by the gigantic cables and anchors of interest, the "cupidity of indigent power," more mighty virtue will, at length, prevail. Men would now blush to utter distinctly the language of the law—We have power, and you have property. We trust that the next race of children will hear of the rapine to which their grandmothers were subjected with as much surprise as we experienced when told, for the first time, that slaves were born in our grandfathers' houses.

The forbearance, or supineness of the female sex, on this subject, is a little astonishing ; but perhaps Gulliver's humorous explanation of the patience with which he endured certain trials at the court of Brobdignag may account for it. "I was not in a condition to resist injuries," he says ; "so, upon mature thoughts, I began to doubt whether I was injured or not."

When, in this case, shall the voice of the orator rise against this law, and the lovers of justice no longer linger and connive ? When shall the upright legislator, for the purpose of prevention, suppose the husband tempted to wrong his wife in every way in which he can reap any personal advantage ? Such is the guarded defence, the law oppressive to woman provides for man against man ; and such, applied to all men indiscriminately, is injurious to none.

Ask a man, at the close of life—a man who has profited by the law, when experience has given him sufficient sagacity to perceive

the strong interest which binds him to the observance of justice—his opinion with regard to its abolition. Will he not strive to hold up both dying hands for it? Ye men of influence, if ye think morals essential to the public welfare, annul this law, which bewilders the distinction between right and wrong. Restore to the female countenance—now so often, from the single cause to which we have referred, contracted with anxiety, wrinkled with discontent—freedom, confidence, and calm enjoyment; raise up the listless hands and drooping eye-lids of the oppressed sex. Ye will sympathize in their joy. The movements of one half the hearts of the human race unavoidably correspond to the movements of the remaining half. To the other sex, and our own, smiles and tears must be mutual; we are of them, and must participate in all their interests and feelings. Suffer women to be no longer dispossessed of their inheritances, now so insecure as to be scarce worth possessing. Save them from the anguish of disappointment, with which, once expecting better things, they behold their half-fed half-clothed, half-taught children. Ye who mean to be husbands, use your influence for this reform. Choose between a well-ordered home, under the rule of a cheerful mistress, and a house presided over by a melancholy, disappointed one, where everything

“Bespeaks the sleepy hand of negligence.”

Wisely prefer a good-humored, lively companion, to a dejected, anxious one. Shall the state of your wife’s spirits dissipate, or deepen the gloom with which you are occasionally depressed? Treat her with justice, put her at ease, who is to be your comfort and support in the season of suffering.

JUSTITIA.

A MORNING IN THE LIBRARY.

Ten o’clock in the morning—a constant, heavy, perpendicular fall of snow abroad—a cheerful fire and a room with curtains, books and dormeuses for two—no fear of company, and slippers allowed—are what may be called pretty circumstances of happiness. And you are here, Florence, quite calm, and a little serious—just in the humor for a book, and yet with no objection to listen and talk to me, if the tones are to be low and the subject in keeping with your humor. Is it so? Then roll your chair a little nearer to my king Arthur’s table, and I will stir up the fire, and chat with you till doomsday—or dinner time. How splendidly that Lackawaxen coal* burns? The

* The Lackawaxen coal is not yet become common at the north. It burns with a peculiar and singularly beautiful iridescence.

flame is such a perfect iris, green, blue, and crimson, and it floats in such a lambent wave above the surface, with its low murmur, like the breaking of bubbles in water in a heavy rain.

“ Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is.
Each flame of it is as a precious stone,
Dissolved in ever moving light.”

a passage of Shelley’s own fresh thought, expressed with Shelley’s own delicate and peculiar sweetness. I wonder, Florence, if you are affected as I am by these sleepy influences about us. There are my flowers, nodding just perceptibly to the currents of air, and the murmur of the fire, and the slide of the large snow flakes against the window panes in their descent, and your own eyes, always so “ full of sleep,” and—(nay, do not start, he shall not be harm’d,)—that patient, slow, long-fingered spider weaving his dreamy web with a skill that Arachne might be proud of, from my folio Spenser to the wall—all adding to this irresistible spirit of repose. It is one of those rare moments when we care neither for the future nor the past, and I feel as if

“ It were a lot divine, in some small skiff,
Along some ocean’s boundless solitude,
To float forever with a careless course,
And think myself the only being alive.”

“ Spirit of Idleness! what a votary of thine spoke there!”

Think you so? Thanks to philosophy, so do not I! If there is a misnomer in this dull world more unqualified and universal than all others, it is the naming of such a mood Idleness. It is the very cant of slavish mortality, a gratuitous intensity given to the curse of the Fall, which nothing, it seems to me, but the near-sightedness of a very worm could dream of admitting. Why, Florence, what would you make of the mind? A mere sponge—a dull recipient of what is poured upon it, without energy, without self-production, without any inward alchymy that can transmute and beautify and create—a bare absorbent of knowledge, and no more. Is there to be no thought? Is every thing in the realms of knowledge arrested and put down? Are there no more unseen places for the mind to soar to—no ground untrodden by fancy? Is it no longer true that the spirit of a man is strengthened and his mind enlightened by contemplation? By the depth of human nature, I trust, no! All that is worth knowing is not writ in books, and they who have gone before us, wise and noble as they were, have but seen with eyes like ours, and did not become what they were by study alone. Believe me, more is learned in one solitary hour by a thoughtful man,—more, I mean, that enlarges the soul, and lets in the light of truth upon it,—than in ten of plodding application. He who studies six hours a day and spends the re-

mainder in what you call Idleness, has to my mind improved his time. “*Peu lire et penser beaucoup*,” was the rule of the shrewd Jean Jacques.

“Then you admit some study?”

Much—much, Florence. For though the mind has in it all the elements of a world, and can get from books nothing that it could not find by much searching in itself, yet it is its nature to spring to comparison. Reading is like a divining rod to it. The hidden virtue leaps out at its touch. I only decry books when the mind is shut up and forgotten for them and the whole intellectual treasure of a man is made up of borrowed and second-hand thoughts, which are no more like the fresh and free coinage of the first conception, than the cold scraps of a beggar’s wallet are like the feast of which they are the remnants.

“And do you think all men can be as idle as this and improve?”

One in ten. For it is only in that proportion that men think at all. Wherever there is capacity for a thought, you may trust it without leading strings, from its cradle up. The great majority of our sex, to say nothing of yours, are mere men of straw—money-making, delving automata, who are as much vegetables as cabbages, and have as little beyond instinct in the way of soul. But a mind—a real mind, Florence, which can see and feel and compare—why, the common air teems with lessons to it, and the commonest form of nature has an articulate instruction to which it can no more be deaf than to the violent thunder that breaks over it. He who possesses it may pace his chamber or walk the street—dangle his fishing rod all day in a pool, or stroll idly over the hills—live in society or out of it—cultivate the graces or a potato patch, and his mind, irregularly it may be, but still healthily and rapidly, will get its growth, and in the end be found strong and furnished.

“But this is not idleness.”

No. At least not culpable idleness, unless it is indulged to the injury of those who have a right to demand a more practical direction of his powers. If he is free and without dependants upon his industry, as long as he fulfils the common duties of humanity, he is no more culpably idle than the gods. It is as absurd to call upon such a man to devote his whole time to books, as it would be to call the angels of heaven ignorant, because they do not read Plato. The mind is the same wherever it is, and if it is kept healthy and untrammelled, its very existence implies growth. It is not, as the common system of education would imply, a passive accumulation—an edifice built of hewn materials, industriously gathered—but a spirit-plant nourished and increased by its own inward economy. It cannot live and not

appropriate and turn into itself the very light and air. Its tendencies may be improved, its growth accelerated by nurture, but it is the divinity of the mind that it bears its own main nutriment within. I remember a passage in Burton—(the book under your fair hand, Lady Florence—give it to me, if you can stir, imbedded as you are in cushions,)——

“Not I, for an empire! You know I would not. I sit like Psyche on the cloud, and I would not stir—no—not for a seat in paradise. But I’ll excuse the quotation. I have no taste for that musty Burton you are quoting forever, and the vile old English”——

Stop, Florence! Don’t abuse Burton if you love me! Don’t call old English vile, till you know more about it; and as for my quotations, if you’ll defer breaking the other blade of my penknife in the cork of that cologne bottle for three minutes, I’ll read you a passage from Burton upon Idleness that is worth all the twilight romancing you ever listened to.

“Truth is no Doctoresse, she takes no degrees at Paris or Oxford, amongst great clerks, disputants, subtle Aristotles, men *nodosi ingenii*, able to take Lully himself by the chin, but oftentimes to such an one as myself, an *Idiota* or common person, no great things, melancholizing in woods, where waters are, quiet places by rivers, fountains; whereas the silly man, expecting no such matter, thinketh only how best to delectate and refresh his mynde continually with nature, her scenes, woods, waterfalls, on a sudden the goddesse herself, Truth, has appeared with a shyning lyghte, and a sparklyng countenance, so as yee may not be able lightly to resist her.”

“Talking of goddesses, do you like idleness in a woman?”

Extravagantly, Florence. Of all the many styles of female manner, the most captivating to me is the kind of indolent indifference sometimes shewn in a very lovely and very passionate woman. There is an indifference common in society which is quite another affair. All fashionable women, whether Hebes or Harpies, know that enthusiasm and *empressmènt* in manner are vulgar, and of course all fashionable women affect the *dolce far niente*—most of them to a sad degree of ridiculous stupidity. But the indolence of a stately girl—a magnificent, large-eyed, Italian looking beauty, surpasses dreams. It requires loveliness of a very peculiar character, however, and even then a woman must have genius to conceive the part. But I have seen an indolent creature—

“Your cousin Florence, I presume.”

Ehem! I don’t know. Your eyes would do perhaps with a little imagination, but your mouth—there’s a smart devil in the corners, Florence, that destroys the repose. Besides, you never play indolent except with me, and your violent spirits in society—

“Are not well bred, you think.”

Not quite authentic, certainly—but still very well in so pretty a woman. I think, indeed, that all women except such as possess this *reposing order of beauty*, would do better to be lively. A want of

a certain degree of personal loveliness is so difficult to forgive, that there is need of all the charm of feeling and earnestness to reconcile us to its absence, and surely the fashion which suppresses these, and still leaves nothing to the beauty-loving eye, and the craving imagination, is a difficult one to reconcile with the usual shrewdness of the sex. A sprightly style is far more easily perfected too, than all others. Indolence of manner when well done, is one of the rarest and most difficult of accomplishments, and like most other accomplishments, it is only unlearning yourself back to nature. The eternal industry with which one is excruciated in youth I consider one of the most melancholy and perverting evils to which the human race is subjected. Children are forced up to manhood with a most indecorous violence. There are no animals so ungraceful as civilized men and women. A savage has grace and so has every unconfined brute. I once saw a lazy milkmaid who lounged about the house with a languid elegance that would not have dishonored Cleopatra. And yet in cultivated society, unconscious grace is the rarest thing seen.

“And so for the elegancies of indolence, you would give up industry with all its usefulness.”

No—thou dullest of listeners—no! Did I not say that one person in ten could safely be idle. It is only of a tithe of humanity that a reasonable man even condescends to discourse at all,—the rest being endowed with dullness as a camel with a hump, by Providence. With these Industry is a virtue; and for their sakes it is so called in the books. Idleness is for the wise. Epicurus says, “Idleness is sweet and sacred. It punishes the bad and rewards the good”—a sentiment to which the kind old philosopher is indebted for the place his bust occupies on my mantel.

“I say, Cousin!”

Well, Florence.

“It’s eleven o’clock.”

Well—what then?

“What then!” How sweetly innocent! You’ve positively no misgiving “what then.”

Honor bright—no!

“Why—“then”—cousin—it’s time to lunch!”

Lunch! “*Le mot me donne la fievre, ou plutot, le delire!*” I say, Florence!

“What!”

You’re a horrid creature, and no angel, and I’ll lend you the **Frugal Housewife.**”

TO SLEEP.

BREATHE o'er my spirit, care dispelling Sleep,
And with thy light wings fan my soul to rest—
Give me glad dreams, and weary nature steep
In blissful visions such as haunt the blest,
For thou, calm Sleep, of heaven's best gifts art best !

Lull me with spirit music, such as steals
To the lone mariner's ear from convent choir,
When the night winds each murmuring note reveals,
Like the far strain of some celestial lyre,
When angel hands sweep o'er each trembling wire !

Lull me with voices lingering in the air,
Like long gone music borne from earlier time,
Glad sounds of memory from the shadowy bier,
Waking again in accents not sublime,
But soft and sweet with youth's delicious chime !

“Come balmy sleep” with all the buried throng,
Sister and sire who shared life's joys of yore—
The lip where love reposed—the voice of song,
The eye whose lash may never tremble more,
All swept by death from life's tempestuous shore.

Once more ! once more, oh ! give them to my dreams
Sad eyed and hollow though each visage be,
Glad were they once and bright as sunlit streams—
Each heart beat high in love's strong purity,
But now they sleep in death's oblivious sea !

And she who faded latest—loved the best—
Brightest and purest—God of seraphs ! she,
On whose red lip young beauty's pencil prest
Rose hues and light in such bland witchery,
That I could die to drink there as a bee.

Young Geraldine ! the fond idolater
Of boyhood's earliest morning and its prime,
Before whose smile man bowed a worshipper,
And whose young soul was in that mellow time
When every rill's voice there met chime for chime.

One moment more, sweet Sleep ! oh ! give her back
So bright and unalloyed by pride or sin,
Not ripe with youth, but still in girlhood's track,
As a fresh bud whose bloom is half within,
Yet struggling into light like morning vague and thin

In fancy, once again, that shadeless brow,
Let this long yearning lip in rapture press,
That through my dream love's light again may glow
And I grow giddy with o'erjoy'd excess—
Yield me I pray thee, Sleep, one wild caress !

There are who woo thee to the silken couch,
 When the brain reels and where red wine is poured :
 Full well I know thou hast no joys for such,
 And seldom art thou at the wassail board,
 Where madness reigns and guilt's pale victims horde !

Where innocence and truth and virtue dwell,
 Thy watch is kept still Sleep, and beauty's eyes
 Thine air-born fingers close as with a spell,
 And low the long lash o'er the white lid lies
 Till as a morning mist thou fleetest flies !

The skies must be thy home, for though thou art
 Twin born with death—coeval with the grave,
 So much of heaven thou bringest to the heart,
 Which is not foul with sin or passions slave,
 That life without thee were a wasting wave !

Come to me quiet Sleep on pinion light
 And bathe my soul in memory's hallowed spring,
 Give me to glance beyond each dusty height
 That bounds earth's view, and to my fancy bring
 Dreams of the loved and lost whose memories round me cling !

New York, Jan. 1830.

*** B.

RURALIZING.

*Scene. A chesnut wood. Two figures reclining, with creels and other fishing apparatus strewn about.**

WHAT magnificent pillars are these white, moss-covered trunks, supporting that heavy and waving roof of leaves. And how in scattered openings does the sun flame upon and brighten little patches of bush and grass—a happy contrast to the elsewhere darkened foliage. This is the very spot for a contemplative angler to throw himself, dreaming with half shut eye of long past days of early happiness; or, if imagination is yet unsaddened by experience, of future pleasures.

I knew it would suit you. It is a place in which I have spent happy hours, but which I have not now visited for some years. I almost fancy these little swellings in the turf, the graves of past pleasures. These trees have the same stateliness—that piece of sky as clear a blue as when the sky of my hopes were bright, and I strode beneath this canopy of interlacing limbs in the pride and vigor of

* We trust our young friend and correspondent will excuse the liberty we have taken with his manuscript.

youthful expectations. Man changes, but nature is permanent in beauty and grandeur.

I never knew that you had met with any severe disappointment.

I passed from a boy to a man. Whoever has gone through that change has met with bitter disappointment. For the dreams of enthusiastic youth are baseless reveries in which happiness assumes every shape; unbounded riches, attached friends, power to gratify the most craving ambition and affections given to the kind, the lovely and the loving.

True. The boy never looks to the future as connected with the present, he never asks what he can make out of what he possesses, his mind cannot perceive relations between long continued exertions and protracted consequences—and therefore as he does not make any attempt to attain his object, but depends on some misty aid which he calls good luck or upon his genius, it is natural that he should be disappointed.

He is a happy man who can look back on the wreck of his youthful projects, with a cheerful remembrance of his joy in their formation, instead of a bitter and repining sorrow over their destruction.

I know not when I have passed a pleasanter day than the present. I got up earlier than usual. There is something very stimulating in springing up in the first pale grey of a morning twilight, with the consciousness of something to be done mingling with your dream. Then our ride was through pleasant scenery and a clear atmosphere. The birds whistled cheerfully among the wet leaves and the squirrel peered at us over the old walls with a bright and happy eye. We both felt contented and well disposed to all nature.

Except the trout.

And towards them I felt no personal animosity. I caught them tenderly and "as if I loved them." It was necessary to my happiness that I should hook a creel full of them. We were

"By nature destined friends,
By fortune rendered foes."

You fished the brook down, whilst I angled up. How did you like your share of the scenery?

It was glorious to be alone beneath those tremendous oaks, leaping from fragment to fragment of mossy and timeworn granite, among which the brook whirled along in eddies and foaming circles, tossing my fly carefully on to the dark pools where the water slept beneath the overhanging bank. I hooked that two pounder, whose spotted sides you see in the creel, beneath an old locust which grew out of the bank. He dashed about famously with my line, twisted it three or four times round the roots of the tree, and would have broken it if I had not jumped into the water up to my waist and

caught him in my hands. And then on a sudden, from the darkest shade, where the heaviest curtain of thick foliage was stretched along the knotted and iron limbs, the wild brook broke forth, with a cheerful jump into an open lawn of "sunny greenery," folded in on all sides by the embracing woods. It was like the scene in Faustus, where the cavernous dungeon changes into a brilliant palace. But I am haranguing, and you look sleepy.

No, go on if you please, but if I fall asleep, wake me.

Well then, I stood a good while looking at the cheerful beauty of this sunlit carpet of soft grass, through which crept the sparkling brook as if wishing to stop upon its pebbled bed in so beautiful a spot, but drawn away by the leaden chains of gravity over meadows and beneath other forests, till it rolls miles away, a fuller but less pure tide, filling millponds and turning spindles, into the rushing river. Like man's life, which must flow on, though it leave the happy bowers of childhood for the —

Stop—stop—stop! Because I desired you to describe a natural scene, did you think I should permit you to moralize so incessantly?

And why not?

Suppose that Mr. Brown or Tomkins should walk up to you every day of your life with a face as long as his yard stick, and condole with you on the death of your great grandfather who went down to his grave, a jolly old man of eighty, when you was emerging from petticoats with the pride and power of a jacket and trowsers. Should you not look upon Mr. Tomkins as an extreme bore? So it is with all moralists. They never take a quiet walk, without finding something to remind them of the changes of life. The flitting shadows of the clouds—the rising and lulling breezes—the ocean rolling its surges up to the long low shore, where they tumble in a line of white foam—all the beautiful sights and sounds of nature do these wretches profane with their accursed analogies. They cannot enjoy in silence the beauties their Creator has showered around them, but it must be, "thus man"—"alternate joys and sorrows"—"it reminds me of our own lot," &c. &c. Who can bear such a tiresome affectation of thought—tiresome, because it is a continual repetition of the same idea—and affected certainly, for these comparisons would never occur in the course of nature to any but a lunatic.

"Wallah! Billah!" as the Hajji says, what an attack on the moralists.

I have done. And now pray go on with your description, which you do very well, when you choose to speak from observation instead of memory.

Thank you, most cynical of men, for the compliment. The truth is that I have little to describe but my feelings. Seated quietly in this opening, and feeling satisfied that there was no human being within the reach of my eye or ear, I could give myself up to the influences of nature. I am not misanthropical. I believe that man was made for society, and that diseases of the mind attend a long seclusion from it. But I like to be alone occasionally with the sky and earth with their grand harmonies and thousand varieties. The soul becomes ennobled and the mind strengthened and replenished by such intercourse. The city, with its low details of business and quarrels and bustling life, was far away. I was by the side of a brook that had rippled on for ages—beneath trees whose life was a century—hills were standing around me in the same sweeping curves into which they had fallen when the waters of the great Deluge sank into their former fountains beneath the floor of the ocean—and though I knew that I should soon return to clay, and my senses no more take in happiness by perceiving the loveliness of my mother earth, I yet felt connected in soul with minds of past and future time. I felt my immortality in the eternity of nature.

Oh, how natural are such feelings, but how seldom are they confessed and said in words! The untutored peasant boy has often stopped in that very dell, oppressed by the deep tones in which nature was speaking to him. He has felt that there were indeed voices in the soft air and fleckered landscape which there were capabilities in his soul to hear and understand. But they were undeveloped and feeble, and he has turned away with the half taught lesson.

* * * *

C.

EVENING CLOUDS.

SEE, where, fast sinking o'er the hills,
As with a golden halo round,
The setting sun with splendor fills
Those massy piles which lie around
His couch, in crimson glory drest,
Like drapery o'er a monarch's rest.

Bright, fair, but ah, how fading too
Is all this beautiful array!
A moment given to the view,
Then past, amid the gloom, away:
So like the gilded things of earth,
Which charm the eye, though little worth!

And now eve's glowing star illumines
 The chambers of the distant west,
 And, scarce discern'd, like warring plumes
 That flash o'er many a warrior's crest,
 There float along the upper air
 Thin, fleecy clouds, so clear and fair :—

How sweet to gaze upon their slight,
 Transparent forms, changing so oft
 As e'en the zephyr's gentlest flight
 Scatters them with its pinions soft,
 Seeming, as down the sky they go,
 Like wreaths of gently driven snow.

And then, to trace the full orbed moon
 As, struggling on her cloudy way,
 She travels forth, now wrapped in gloom,
 Now bursting forth with undimmed ray,—
 Like some high, noble heart, whose pride
 Still bears him on, though woes betide. *Sito.*

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

WINTER is here at last—veritable winter—with *bona fide* frost, and cramping cold, and a sun as clear and powerless as moonlight. The windows glitter with the most fantastic frost-work. Cities with their spires and turrets, ranks of spears, files of horsemen—every gorgeous and brilliant array told of in romance or song, start out of that mass of silvery tracery, like the processions of a magic mirror. What a miraculous beauty there is in frost! What fine work in its radiant crystals! What mystery in its exact proportions and its manifold varieties! The feathery snow-flake, the delicate rime, the transparent and sheeted ice, the magnificent ice-berg moving down the sea like a mountain of light—how beautiful are they all, and how wonderful is it, that, break and scatter them as you will, you find under every form the same faultless angles, the same crystalline and sparkling radiation. A day or two ago it grew suddenly cold at noon. There had been a heavy mist all the morning, and as the north wind came sharply in, the air cleared and left it frozen upon everything, with the thinness of palpable air. The trees were clothed with a fine white vapor, as if a cloud had been arrested and fixed motionless in the branches. They looked, in the twilight, like gigantic spirits, standing in broad ranks, and clothed in drapery of supernatural whiteness and texture. On close examination, the crystals were as fine as needles, and standing in perfect parallelism,

pointing in the direction of the wind. They were like fringes of the most minute threads, edging every twig and filament of the tree, so that the branches were thickened by them, and had a shadowy and mysterious look, as if a spirit foliage had started out from the naked limbs. It was not so brilliant as the common rime seen upon the trees after a frozen rain, but it was infinitely more delicate and spiritual, and, to us, seemed a phenomenon of exquisite novelty and beauty.

One of the redeeming privileges of our mainly troublesome profession, is the power of rescuing from the dull river we read of, such wrecks of beautiful things as are adrift by neglect or injustice. We mean hereafter to exert this prerogative at some pains. There are things daily floating by us, unnoticed but by the eye of the author, and perhaps a sympathizing gazer like ourself, which deserve better of the world than to be so forgotten. There is here and there a modest writer who makes no parade of his talent, but sits still at home, and as the simple breath of his heart turns into poetry, sends it to the nearest newspaper, and is content to let it die, if the world will—ignorant that a complimentary letter to the Editor of a Magazine, or some other of the *ruses* of the Fungus race of Rhymers now multiplying in the earth, would have brought it out with an introductory note, and given it a sky-high immortality—for a month. We really know not a more striking example of the utter dependence of poetical talent upon the humbug machinery of literature, than the one now in our eye. We have met, every little while, with pieces in newspaper columns, which, if we know what poetry is at all, are enough to distinguish the author from a thousand of the reputed poets about us; and yet, with the exception of Mr. Bryant, (who puts no more of his own spirit into his paper than is to be found in its poet's corner,) they are passed over as lightly by Editors, as the elegies upon Sam Patch, or verses appended to a country obituary. We have no room this month, or we would insert three or four of these from our Scrap-Book. But here is a stanza from the same hand, and, though a single stanza gives no chance and is never a fair specimen of a writer's ability, it will still show something of the author's versification and strength of thought, and serve as a lead to something hereafter.

TO THE DYING YEAR.

And thou, grey voyager to the breezeless sea
Of infinite Oblivion—speed thou on!
Another gift of Time succeedeth thee,
Fresh from the hand of God ! for thou hast done
The errand of thy destiny, and none
May dream of thy returning. Go ! and bear
Mortality's frail records to thy cold,

Eternal prison-house ;—the midnight prayer
 Of suffering bosoms, and the fevered care
 Of worldly hearts ; the miser's dream of gold ;
 Ambition's grasp at greatness ; the quench'd light
 Of broken spirits ; the forgiven wrong,
 And the abiding curse. Ay, bear along
 These wrecks of thine own making. Lo ! thy knell
 Gathers upon the windy breath of night,
 Its last and faintest echo ! Fare thee well !

The author of this is Mr. J. G. Whittier, a very young man, and a Quaker. He has once ventured out from the quiet pale of his sect, and, after editing a paper for a month or two, returned suddenly to his retirement, to nobody's surprise who knew anything of him or the occupation he had chosen. He has since written far better poetry than before, and rises perceptibly with every effort. There is a remarkable absence of all false thought about his writings. He versifies strongly, and with a full and heightened diction, and his figures, without any of the convulsive character of modern poetry, are fresh and peculiar. The beautiful spirit of his religion seems to be infused into it, with its becoming order and propriety, and, if we may take Bernard Barton for a corroborating example, (a Quaker poet of similar purity and simplicity,) we should think it a natural and sure result of an education in such a faith. Mr. Whittier has the good sense, (to say nothing of the principle,) to be no-wise made worldly by the seductiveness of poetry. He adheres to the Quaker forms in dating his pieces, though, having never seen him, we know not whether he lifts off a broad brim to let the breath of Heaven in upon his brow, or whether, when the congregation sit together, "tranquil and herd-like—as in the pasture—forty feeding like one,"* he buries his face still in the drab coat of his fathers. We have little doubt, however, that he does. If he is the man we think him, he will find the gentleness and shy beauty of his religion pressed deeper and deeper into his heart by every added principle of refinement and knowledge. There is something about it, eminently soothing to the feeling of recoil with which a fine mind leans away from the world. It is the only religion that is entirely between God and the heart.

We may have seemed extravagant—we dare say we are so. But we have, by education and taste, an affection for Quakers. Our first school-mistress was of this gentle sect. We remember her as an elderly woman, in a plain white cap, with her gray hair put decently away, and a countenance of a grave but most winning sweetness ! Her severest punishment was a look of displeasure, and her highest reward (the thrill of delight with which we received it will live in our memory forever) was to go with her to the Quaker

* Charles Lamb.

meeting. How softly we used to enter and walk up that long aisle of silent people! How many strange thoughts crowded upon the mind in those two mysterious hours of stillness. I sometimes think I feel their tranquillity even yet, and I believe I owe to the subduing awe of those hushed hours, a taste for the luxury of silence which I would not forego, in its season, for many an indulgence that is costlier and rarer. There are few things for which I would go farther, now, than to sit down among those meek worshippers. What a time it is to turn in the heart upon itself! You are better and wiser for an hour of their inaudible communion, than for all the preaching you will hear in a life-time. There is something so inexpressibly fitting in the reverence of that dumb service! It brings so very near to you the felt presence of Divinity.

Our printer has left us so little room, that we must glance over our criticisms very hastily. Some of the works on our table we shall pass over altogether this month, and notice them more at length hereafter.

The admirable Letters published from time to time in the Boston Courier have been collected into a volume. They are in a department of writing very little filled, and probably the most difficult—quiet humor. We read them in the Courier with considerable pleasure, but, contrary to the usual course of such things, they read much better in the book. The wit is of the true water—real wit, and not farce or extravaganza. It runs under the information, and is kept subdued and within sympathy. The author writes like a general scholar, and the turning of his sentences has the true Attic crisp, as if he had thumbed his Horace, and pored over the clipped graces of Theophrastus. Style, after all, is the best evidence of a scholar. A dunce may hunt up quotations, and trick out his dulness in stolen ends, but learning is a clear, chaste spirit, that steepes the fountains of thought, and gives the language a luminous and inward glow which borrowed ornament only covers and conceals. We mean this more as a general remark than a particular one, for our literature is getting daily a cast of pedantry and display. We had marked several passages of this book for extract, but we must omit them, and simply commend the volume itself to all who are “bound for the caverns of Trophonius,” or who cater for a laughter-loving circle.

The ‘Mechanic’s Magazine’ has been laid on our Table—beautifully printed and well made up with information, and the ‘Collegian,’ a smart, knowing affair, has made its *début*, with a deprecatory prologue that it will die in six months—on honor. The ‘Philadelphia Album’ is revived and brightened in a new series, and Miss Whipple has started ‘The Original’ at Providence, with a score of young writers at her back; and the ‘New-York Mirror,’ with its lady-type

and pictures, gives better and better extracts as the months and Mr. Morris's means, or taste, or both, work on together. What is to become of so many periodicals Lethe knows!

We have looked over, with much pleasure, the "Studies in Poetry," just published by Carter and Hendee. They contain, from Chaucer down, a selection of the best and purest gems in English Poetry. The design of the book is to supply an uncorrupting text-book of poetry for schools—a design which is fully answered. The extracts are of a high moral order, and show, moreover, a chaste and vigorous taste in the mind that selected them. The Editor has been some time known to us as a scholar and a man of fine literary taste, and we are sure that anything which comes from his hand will be well done.

We must apologize to many of our best correspondents for the delay of their papers. We shall soon be at a loss what to do, if the world goes on treating us so well. Our "accepted" drawer is crowded with pleasant things, and we turn our key at the post office with a daily certainty of a sealed packet for "the Monthly." We beg for all the indulgence the proverbial irritability of the *genus vatum* will allow.

Messrs. Wells and Lilly have got out their American copy of the last number of the Edinburgh Quarterly. We have not room to speak of all the articles, but there is one upon American Literature, as amusing a piece of journey-work as ever the hope of a guinea engendered. We never saw the reviewer's recipe more palpably followed. Dashing logic, perverted facts, and now and then a poser of a word rooted up from the depths of etymology, sententious brevity here, and a towering climax there, with a great show of candor, and, withal, an impudent patronizing air, imperfectly describe it. We have no time to go through it particularly, and there is no necessity, for it has the one good quality of bearing its character on its face. Among other things, however, the author denies all originality to Irving, quoting the Sketch-Book alone as proof, and apparently quite unaware of the existence of Knickerbocker, one of the most perfectly original books ever written. He treats Cooper better, but abuses Brockden Brown without criticism, and finally sets upon Dr. Channing, whom he criticises with a flimsiness and a childish sophistry sufficiently laughable. His main complaint of him is founded upon what we, in our innocence, have esteemed his great excellence—that he keeps ever between extremes. He cannot bear that he should not have run into any absurdity—that he should be a Unitarian, and not swallow materialism whole—that he should denounce Calvinism and the Church of England, and yet not say positively that the Pope will be damned—that he should like wit, and yet not relish buffoonery.

—be zealous for the propagation of the Gospel, and yet have a taste for guiding it by reason. This he calls (and we have quoted his very words,) "not only want of originality of view, but of moral daring." Heaven deliver us from such "moral daring," we say. The beauty of the thing is, however, that afterwards the writer *does* come upon a daring trait of originality in Dr. C.'s character of Napoleon, and rates him soundly for his presumption in preferring the moral greatness of Milton, Bacon, and Shakspeare, to that of Napoleon and the hero of Waterloo—forgetting very conveniently, all the while, the admiration he had just expressed for the very qualities for which the opinion is remarkable. We are wasting time however.

We have received two very able pamphlets on Education by C. C. Felton, Esq. of Cambridge—one of them on the subject of the Concord Lyceum, accompanied with a review written by a literary gentleman of the neighborhood. We are so crowded this month that we could not insert the latter, but we cannot omit it without commending Mr. Felton's pages to public notice, as containing the views of a practical man and a most promising scholar. We shall avail ourselves of an opportunity to say more of them, hereafter.

This is a droll world. We wonder whether Heraclitus or Democritus had more pupils in Athens—the laughing or the crying philosopher. For ourself, we know not whether to ridicule or mourn over our times. There is the tragedy of Sam Patch—funny enough, with all its melancholy—and here is an equivalent for seduction, given in the particular verdict of \$553 17 cents, as if virtue were reducible to fractional value—melancholy enough, with all its oddity. It is odd that General Jackson should be President—odd that Fanny Wright should be a man, and Mr. Owen a woman, (it explains, by the way, Lady Morgan's story of the "tunic")—odd that John Neal should be quiet a month, and very odd that any body can think "hard gingerbread is nice"—but the oddest thing of all is that people who live in houses of glass should throw stones at each other—that Editors should rap each other over the knuckles for the simple amusement of the public. We never could conceive what was gained even by a victory in these skirmishes, though a boy with a horn-book could tell what was lost. We have looked on like the rest of the world, and seen the Editors in our time show their mettle in all sorts of frays. Here and there, it is true, it was but an exchanged thrust—a gentlemanly difference settled with a hit—though even this is like drawing weapons on the public walk—playing the well bred gladiator, rather than the gentleman. But beside these, there is now and then a quarreller, who, in a sense beyond Kentucky, "goes the whole hog." (Pardon us, ears polite!) Such a fellow attacks his opponent like a bear. (We have

changed the animal, to bring it within the comprehension of our readers.) Instead of bidding him stand on his defence, and pricking him in the unguarded place with the fair weapon of controversy, his whole object seems to be to paw him over till he has made him as offensive as himself. He throws into his teeth missiles which only the ferreting of a brute could have brought out from their hiding-places, jeers like a monkey at his features and dress, and, if he has the skill, mimics his manner and tone in grotesque. The public laughs, because the attack is a droll one, but the comment is, that the bear should have a ring in his nose, and that the subject of his ire is unfortunate in having been in his way. Sometimes, to be sure, the assailant is met in his own way, and then it is like any other bear-fight. But in most cases it is 'bear *versus* gentleman,' and the better part of valor in the latter of course is to get as soon as possible out of the arena. It is surprising that even the brutes of our species will suffer themselves to be provoked and set on thus by the by-standers, for their amusement. We know no reason for it, except the fact that the level of pugnacity is common to all bull-dogs and some men—(a chance, by the way, for a pretty theory, *a la Monbocco*, on the origin of the species.) The only remedy is to muzzle them by law, but, like nuisances of a similar kind in the streets of New York, the sovereign people will have for them the freedom of the city. They are republicans, and must go at large. For ourselves, we have been frequently attacked, and have hitherto made it a point to use all alacrity in getting out of the way. A good practice, we find, now, is to wear a small sword, or, if you cannot prick them into retreat immediately, turn over upon them the vessels of their own garbage which you find in your flight. It smothers them, and gains you the laugh, which, even in such a contest, is half the battle. We have said enough of this, however, and only alluded to it to draw public attention to the evil. We are getting fast up to the personality and vicious slander of the English press, and unless it is put down by public opinion, we shall soon have, like them, journals of private scandal patronized openly by the great mass of the people.